

E TOILE
AND OTHER Poems.

WHITEHEAD

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ETOILE, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.
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"If from society we learn to live,
'Tis Solitude should teach us how to die—
It hath no flatterers."—BYRON.



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PROEM.

My song is but a rhythmic maze,
With chaster colorings and plays
Of sober lightness, and my muse
Doth stray as she may list, to choose
Her chaplets in the solemn shades
Where nature hath her temples—glades,
Perennial as her sad desire,
And forests, where the circling fire
Of day but peers, her steps hath won,
And ways the listless heart doth shun,
Claim her endearments. She hath roam'd
For her own pleasure.

PREFACE.

The two poems of the following collection which have been most extended, have grown to their present size by very slow accretions. Not having been designed for the public eye, they have lain for years, with the exception of infrequent additions, when graver moods of feeling swayed the heart, with little or no thought of their worth; and I would not now deem them worthy of publication, but for the overruling opinions of a few deeply regarded friends. For them, and not the world at large, I go to print. I can also freely say, that the utterance of poetic thought, if that thought contains the germ of purity, is a more excelling gratification to the soul, than any honor that can flow from its publication.

In justice to some one, to whom, I know not, I am desirous of acknowledging the taking of one or more characters in the poem of Etoile, from a prose story of that name, published some years ago in one of our annuals, and which casually fell into my hands. This is so long since, that its author's name has gone from my memory. I here desire to thank him for the interest it elicited in my mind. Should this poem meet his eye, I think he will hardly accuse me of being a very close copyist of the incidents of his story.

There may be objections to the speeches of Masisqua and his brother chiefs, that Indian orators do not speak in the style given in the poem. Whilst this must be freely acknowledged, it may be averred, that it is equally doubtful whether the Homeric warriors spoke with the glowing and polished periods of Pope.

I am also fully aware that the poem of Solitude contains much rambling and inconsequent thought. I care not very especially for this, however, as the subject is simply a thread, upon which the stanzas are strung. I can only say,

“What is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!”

W. W.

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ERRATUM.—For “Narragansett,” on pages 22, 26, read “Coahoma.”

ETOILE.

A LEGEND OF THE NATCHEZ.

P A R T I.

ETOILE ! thy days are sunny now,
Child of the stern Masisqua's vow !
No gentler flower the forest rears,
Amid the spring of budding years ;
No lighter steps the green sward press,
Within the quiet wilderness ;
Or where the lone savannas smile,
Like some enchanted ocean isle ;
No form can grace the verdant wild,
So queenly as the warrior's child !

Summer, sweet summer, woos thy cheek,
And gently waves thy raven hair,
As o'er the mountain's lonely path,
Thy buoyant footsteps softly sweep,
Unmindful of the panther's wrath,
Or cougar in his dark retreat !
To thee e'en danger's haunt is fair,
If love light up the pathway there !
Sanglant has sentinel'd the way,
Well does the fierce wolf know his bay ;

And turn from off his eager chase,
To shun the foe he fears to face.—
No trustier hath the Spirit sent,
To watch the pass or guard the tent ;
Fierce in his wrath, to passion true,
Whether the wolf or man be foe :
Few are the hands that dare caress,
Or on his sterner humor press ;
Yet fawns he on the maiden's hand,
And springs to greet her soft command :
Thus fiercer hearts at love's sweet tone,
Have round them gentler feelings thrown ;
Their darkest purpose leave undone,
By woman's nobler nature won.—
On every path her footsteps tread,
Sanglant, the true, is thither led ;
Swimming the cold lake, or through brakes,
Circling the devious way she takes ;
Listening to every footfall nigh,
And watching far with eager eye,
To mark if dangers round her lie.

But whither leads the path so wild,
Sought by the sachem's gentle child ?
Has early love its first smile given,
And claim'd her 'neath the summer heaven ?
And whose the arm that dares to come,
Between her and her maiden home ?
Who dares to sever in the glen,
The queen-flower from its parent stem ?
What warrior in his murderous wrath,
Has been upon the foeman's path,
And brought the dripping scalps to show
The prowess of his steel and bow ?
None—for the sage Masisqua's vow,
Breath'd o'er his daughter's infant brow ;
Who to the maiden should aspire,
Must measure daring with the sire !
In every danger win the meed,
Where'er his ill-starr'd pathway lead ;

First in the chase, untiring, true,
Though hunger press, and wary foe
Start from the ambush to surprise,
And mark him for the torture's prize ;
Unblenching should the conqueror's hate,
Surround him at the fiery stake ;
On war's red field no danger shun,
Though horrors throng it fierce and dun ;
In every subtle art that leads
To treachery's malignant deeds,
Be sternly school'd, nor mercy know,
When vengeance asks the deadly blow !
Such was Masisqua—such must be
The one who from the parent tree,
Shall pluck the only scion there,
To guard it in a home more fair !
That, when the father's race is run,
His years wend to the setting sun ;
And sachems from the Spirit land,
Call him to leave his loved band ;
A heart with pulses like his own,
Shall still upon his war-path roam ;
One, who the glory of his race,
Shall still on daring prowess place ;
And with his martial tribe's acclaim,
Proudly o'er men's stern emprise reign !

She loves !—and that lone mountain way,
Roughen'd by storm, and rocks so gray ;
She treads as 'twere enshrin'd in light,
And sweetest visions charm'd her sight !
For love, young love, has power to bless
The waste with eden loveliness ;
The spots where fruitless vestures grow,
Like radiant emeralds seem to glow ;
Creation freshly greets the sight,
When all within the heart is light ;
And feeling sweet responses finds,

Where'er the sterile pathway winds.—
On to the valley's bloom below,
With wandering gaze and step more slow ;
To pluck the opening flowerets there,
And twine them in her flowing hair,
The maiden wends, and quicker beat
Her heart's young pulses, though her feet,
With coy reluctance seem to move,
When near the sylvan shrine of love !
Sweet is the green of that lone vale,
Unmarr'd by war or indian trail ;
The summer's light comes softly down,
Its streams with golden dyes to crown.—

Sweet is the valley where lightly tread,
The doe and the gentle fawn ;
Where the hunter's spear is never sped,
Or his lithe bow ever drawn !

Where the wind-flower spreads her virgin leaves,
To the music low winds bear ;
With lupine and goldthread and heartsease,
And violets sweet and rare !

Where comes the hymn of the wandering bee,
And humming bird's fairy wing ;
And the song of thrush and merry jay,
From the tree tops blithely ring !

And over the scene love's hues are thrown,
And over it roams a form,
That well may grace such a sylvan home,
'Neath the smiles of early morn !

She loves ! but one from other lands,
Has called the gentle feeling forth ;
And by the leaping streamlet stands,
To bless the heart that gave it birth !
From France's sunny land he came,
With lineage of a noble name ;
And by the Mississippi's tide.—
Grew up a lonely father's pride.—
Companion of the red-man there,
In every sport and prowess rare ;
St. Pierre could match with daring hand,
The bravest of Masisqua's band ;

In boyish sports he shadow'd forth,
The virtues of a gentle birth ;
He wrestled with the swarthy youth,
And won them by his kindly truth ;
Swam the bold river by their side,
Or trod the mountain's rocky slide,
Where danger frown'd and few could keep
With footsteps firm, the tortuous steep ;
And oft he led the mimic war,
The race, the dance, or chase afar ;
To every pastime gave a charm,
Upon the bold tribe's summer lawn ;
And when the winter snows were spread,
Along the wilds he lov'd to tread ;
He cheered the lonely wigwam's fire,
With tales rehears'd him by his sire.—
And as the youth to warriors grew,
With whom he kept a faith so true ;
And to their wild sports passion gave,
Its martial pride to win or save ;
When war the aspiring spirit wrought,
And deeds of fame were sternly sought ;
The arm on which they oft did gaze,
When bared, with wonder and amaze ;
That 'neath such pallor could be strung,
Nerves that their proudest goals had won ;
Was often sought to point the chase,
Or lead to battle's fierce embrace.

Masisqua loved the noble boy,
So mildly brave, whose manly joy
Rang through the greenwood, as he came
The victor in some long priz'd game ;
Surrounded by the panting crowd,
Whose hopes to win, his strength had bow'd ;
And frankly in the chief's stern eye,
With whose bold gaze none dared to vie ;
While the shy throng would stand aloof,
Fearful to meet some cold reproof ;

St. Pierre would artlessly relate
The daring of each swarthy mate ;
And generous deeds their strife award,
To win for them their chief's regard :—
And oft his stalwart friend would rest,
Upon some bank's enamelled breast ;
Beneath a proud oak's sheltering limb,
Deeply within the forest dim ;
When softer moods came o'er his heart,
And kindlier feeling seem'd to start ;
Listening to tales the fair youth wove,
Of war, of vengeance and of love.—
And as he gave some legend's rhyme,
Of knights within the olden time ;
Their deeds in war or tournament,
Or whilst on danger's errand sent ;
The sachem from the sward would start,
Rous'd by the well recited part ;
Intenser feelings sway his breast,
Sprung by the ardor of his guest ;
Who, buried in the glowing page,
Mark'd not the list'ner's rising rage ;
The kindled eye, the clenched hand,
The gesture mark'd by stern command !
'Twas fearful to behold that chest,
So wildly by emotion press'd ;
Revenge and pity speaking there,
And triumph for some prowess rare ;
Sighs for the memory of the brave,
Who sought for fame and found a grave ;
And joy, when heroes won a name,
His own wild spirit lov'd to claim !

In turn, the sachem would rehearse
His own dread deeds—though not in verse ;
Yet lighted with a poet's fire,
And thoughts that tragic art inspire ;
His language oft the speaking eye,
And arm, to mark the passion high ;

Around his head his axe would swing,
Or wildly in the oak's trunk ring ;
The whoop, the spring, the deep halloo,
The twanging of the deadly bow,
Gave to his tale its truest art,
As feeling play'd her changeful part !
Once upon listening, as St. Pierre
Read him of deeds he lov'd to hear ;
The chief through shades of memory ran,
And thus a fearful tale began :—

"The old one's hundred moon's ago,
Look'd down upon Shatara's plain ;
As council fires threw round their glow,
Upon five thousand warrior men.—
A thousand bows beneath my eye,
Went out upon the war-path there ;
And 'neath the midnight's solemn sky,
The song of blood was on the air.—
A chief had left his father's graves,
To war with twice a score of braves ;
Upon our white paths far had come,
And stain'd them with a sachem's blood ;
A swift revenge each spirit strung,
To smite him in his distant wood.

Five suns had died upon our path,
The witnesses of brave men's wrath ;
When dark Chouisca's village fire,
Gave to our hearts a bolder ire ;
And every warrior's nerves were true,
To strike where dwelt Masisqua's foe.—
Beneath the shadow of a wood
They paus'd, whilst I with stealthy tread,
Went forth to find, 'mid meaner foes,
Where the proud sachem's wigwam rose ;
I watched on wary tip-toe now,
And now upon the silent earth ;
Marking a streamlet's sluggish flow,
Impatient for each moment's birth,
'Till the moon died, and all was still,
Within the wildly peopled dell.—

Vengeance with bold, instinctive eye,
Found where the chief was wont to lie ;
One blow—with not a cry to tell
How he had fallen, sped so well
The silent knife—Chouisca lay,
The proudest chief of his proud day,
Reft of his scalp—and at the morn,
A long and piercing wail was borne,
That told the great Masisqua's hand,
Had crushed the noblest of their band !

Within the forest's deep ravine,
'Till the next eve we lay, and fed
Upon the wails of grief, that came
And smooth'd to joy our rocky bed.—
Around the Narragansett's fire,
A council sat with gloomy ire ;
Near by a noble sycamore,
That to the heavens its tall arms bore,
Sprang from the earth—at dusk's dim light,
Unnoted by the foe's quick sight,
I swiftly climb'd to where an arm,
Stalwart in supple strength was borne ;
And overlook'd, with cold disdain,
The stern grief round the council flame.—
A treacherous step, howe'er, betrayed
The nearness to their fires I'd made ;
And many a keen glance search'd the spot,
And quickly followed many a shout !
A hundred arrows swiftly drawn,
Prepar'd me for the coming storm.—
Light as a bird I sprang, to where
Far pierc'd aloft the dusky air,
A tall elm's top—ascending high,
To where its leafy canopy
Sway'd to the wind, I bent it o'er
Like a lithe bow, and as it bore
Me to the earth, the wary foe,
With fierce whoop circled round below ;

And knife and axe were well prepar'd,
To deal the blow I madly dar'd !

Within their midst I dropp'd, and gave
Stern glance for glance with many a brave ;
Dar'd them with an indignant scorn,
To meet me with a single arm !
None mov'd—and as I proudly turn'd,
To meet an eye where battle burn'd ;
All shrunk, like spirits of the plain,
All there had heard Masisqua's fame.—
At length Hawantah's spirit burn'd,
Hawantah, who had never turn'd
From foe or field—and soon the spot
Resounded the defiance shout !
But briefly did Hawantah dare
This arm—for with my axe and spear,
I push'd him toward the gazing throng ;
And as together there we clung,
With limbs that grappled not in mirth,
I dash'd him breathless to the earth ;
Whilst stunn'd, my knife its trophy took,
And at the wondering braves I shook
The redder'd lock—then as the form
Of the Great Water 'neath the storm
Is lash'd to fury, fiercely then,
The fury of those warrior men,
Hemm'd me around—on to the stake,
Where even mastering spirits quake,
They bore me, and, securely bound,
I waited for the torturing round.

But there the great Masisqua's heart
Was his own still ! No woman's part
I bore ! The knife and arrow drew
Avenging drops, and swiftly flew
The glittering axe, for pastime sped,
Skimming the locks around my head.—
Grown bold, the coward's eager hand,

My flesh sear'd with the glowing brand ;
And many a lip, that pal'd when war
Was on their paths, grew daring there,
To taunt me in the toils, and beat
The limbs they never dar'd to meet.—
Whilst pierc'd and torn I told them o'er
The deeds of fifty moons or more ;
How many trophies from their tribe,
Hung round my distant wigwam's side ;
And pointed to their warriors' hair,
That darkly fring'd my bow and spear.—
With passion's stormy music blent,
They heard how in his midnight tent,
Chouisca died—I wav'd his lock,
With proud Hawantah's, and did mock
Their wildest rage—yet fiercer came,
Upon me then their scathing flame ;
And closer still they hemm'd me round,
With baleful eye and horrid sound ;
As though their sachem's spirit mourn'd,
For deeper wounds than hate yet burn'd.

Young Shingawassa, whose fleet steps
Had pierced the forest's distant round ;
Where eagle watch'd or panther crept,
Far by the wild Missouri's bound ;
Once sought, with venturous arm, to brave
The river's broad and furious wave,
But sunk beneath the stronger tide ;
From the lone shore I'd watch'd him ride
The boiling stream, and as it clos'd
Around his plume, my arm opposed
Proudly its battling fury there,
And saved him in his last despair.—
I bore him where my wigwam's heat
Reviv'd his bosom's feeble beat ;
He liv'd—and when his heart grew strong,
And limbs with freshen'd vigor sprung ;
I led him through the forest dim,

And o'er the far savanna's green ;
'Till from a mount, whose summit broke
The clouds, where oft Eloha spoke !
I pointed to his village plain,
Where he had won, though young, a name ;
And bade him sun Shede'a's brow,
Who mourn'd her distant warrior low.

And then, when passion madly threw
Her swift shafts round my head ;
As the wild fire to brightness grew,
And life's strong hope was dead ;—
'Twas then, as loud my death-song came,
From 'midst the quick and stinging flame ;
That Shingawassa rush'd to save
The friend that bore him from the wave !
Quick as the leopard's rage, he tore
My stiff'ning bonds, and backward bore
The torturing braves—whilst thus amaz'd,
A heavy brand that fiercely blaz'd,
I quickly seiz'd, and swept the way
'Mid circling fire and desperate sway ;
And fleet as cougar from his lair,
With bounds that none could distance there ;
As lance and arrow vainly sped,
And every limb for vengeance bled ;
In scorching memory of the flame,
I joined my waiting band again.

But as the raven wing of night,
Hid from the earth the sun's last light ;
My hot, impatient braves, disdained
Longer in ease to be enchained ;
They sallied from the dusky glen,
As ringing shouts came o'er the plain ;
Returned the swift pursuing cry,
And caught the fire of battle nigh.—
Quick my commands—few greetings mine,

As on I led the stealthy line ;
 My band beneath night's dusky veil,
 Swept like the unrelenting gale ;
 Young Tehongtassabee, born for war,
 And burning like a baleful star;
 Dash'd by my side to seek the fray,
 And revel in the wild essay.—
 But as the rocks the tempest greet,
 The Narragansett stood, to meet
 And court with gathered bands the strife,
 That came to deal with brand and knife.—
 Quorinnah, the Raven, on our path,
 Invoked the Great Yohewah's * wrath
 Upon the Natchez' midnight raid,
 And called his bravest to his aid.—
 He was a brave and worthy foe,
 Worthy to meet Masisqua's blow ;
 His step was firm, his heart was strong,
 His blow was true, his cry was *on* !
 And foot to foot, and hand to hand
 We met, as forth he led his band !

The moon came up to light the strife,
 To tell who there should stay with life ;
 And as we struggled well and long,
 For they on paths of war were strong,
 None asked for mercy, none desired
 To leave the spot by battle fired ;
 None blench'd where lay the sped and slain,
 One heart was there, though many came ;
 And ringing axe and fiery gleam,
 No terrors threw around the scene.—
 The brave had met, and met to dare,
 All that might then betide them there ;
 And thus we fought, and many fell,
 How many, few were left to tell !
 The morning's wings swept o'er the plain,
 To mark the Raven's homes aflame ;

* The Indian name of God.

His wives were shrinking with affright,
His braves were captive to our might ;
And wasting were the fires, and red,
Around the spot where I had bled,
And callous ears my death-song fed !

Five suns again, with captives bound,
Our steps were on our native ground ;
With songs of joy for foes that fell,
Beneath the arms that struck so well ;
And sorrow for our strong ones gone,
Forever from our loved lawn.—
And there the quivering darts of fate,
Pierce'd the bound warriors at the stake ;
And fires that nightly tortures fed,
Appeas'd the spirits of the dead.
But there was one bold life I spared—
Lone Shingawassa stood prepared
In gloomy silence, to await
The captive warrior's common fate ;
His arms deep scarr'd, his forehead seam'd
With wounds, whence life blood slowly stream'd ;
He stood with calm and noble pride,
In sorrow for his stricken tribe.—
I bound his wounds and cheer'd his heart,
Requited, as a chief, the part
He dar'd, when I could only choose
Defiance for my torturing foes.—
The throng had mark'd him as he stood,
The axe was thirsting for his blood ;
But my stern will could ne'er be foil'd,
For I was monarch of the wild.—
I led him to Yohewa's hill
Again, to roam at his own will ;
And light the council of his race,
Upon his once beloved place.”

PART II.

As starts to life when studious art,
Upon the canvass plays her part;
And uncouth pallor, dimly trac'd,
The lovely lineaments ungraced ;
From day to day grow bright and warm,
To beauteous semblances of form ;
So warm'd the lineaments of love,
Within the Natchez' quiet grove.
Unwitting of the vow possess'd
By bold Masisqua's stormy breast ;
They met in artlessness and truth,
The maiden and the pale fac'd youth ;
Together turn'd in spring's sweet age,
The leaves of life's unsullied page.
The prairie green, the clear blue sky,
The deer's light step, the wild flower nigh ;
And every haunt that peace could share,
Witness'd the budding passion there !
They lov'd—yet knew not what wild charm,
Thus seem'd their gentle hearts to warm ;
As day by day they roam'd beside,
The sparkling stream or river wide ;
Or sought, with youth's peculiar grace,
The forest's winding paths to trace.

With her the streamlet's music bore
A sweeter plaint—the river's shore,
Was deck'd with brighter sward and flowers,
And softer green and lovelier bowers ;
For her he climb'd the treacherous steep,
Where swiftly came the cataract's leap ;
To pluck the laurel's bloom, or dare
Some crag that pierced the stormy air ;
And welcom'd, where few footsteps press'd,
The lichen to its chilling breast ;
At morn's first beam woo'd peril's deed,
Upon his fierce Camanche steed ;

And with his quick dart struck the blow,
That brought the roaming bison low ;
Fronted the rough bear's prowling step,
And startled, where the wild grape crept
O'er dark ravine, or hidden gulf,
The lone lair of the bristling wolf !
Yet happier tasks he oft essay'd,
Beneath the bending greenwood's shade ;
Where nature's lone realm claim'd to charm,
Or ask the vigor of his arm ;—
St. Pierre within the circling love
That guards the hearth of home, to move
The infant heart to virtue there,
And bless it with a parent's prayer ;
Was early school'd in christian lore,
And often in his ramblings bore
Some tale or precept, once with pride
Conn'd by his fairer parent's side.—
The maid in wonder bent to hear
The tales he told, and lov'd to share
The kindling passion of his breast,
As slowly o'er the sward they press'd.—

And there he read her glowing rhyme,
The lays of other lands ;
Sung of his native, sunny clime,
By ocean's silvery sands.

In rapture of ancestral pride,
And lineage nobly drawn ;
He told her how his fathers died,
In battle or in storm.

Then came the winning lay of love,
With still diviner art ;
Sweeter than other tones to move,
And thrill the guileless heart !

Where by its banks a streamlet purl'd,
And vines in graceful beauty curl'd ;
Thus o'er his harp, as evening fell

Upon the lone and dreamy dell ;
 And sighing winds the tendrils sway'd,
 He breathed his passion to the maid.—

“Oh love hath roamed the desert waste,
 And murmur'd in the winds to me;
 And where the forest paths are trac'd,
 Speaks to my heart of thee!
 Then welcome be her voices now,
 The shadowy scene,
 The moon's young beam;
 The realm of flowers, the water's flow,
 And night with fairy sheen.

“Love is the daughter of the night,
 Her walk is in the twilight vale;
 Beneath the stars' diviner light,
 She breathes her trembling tale;
 I hear her steps amid the flowers,
 Her voice is thine,
 Her lay is mine;
 And sweetly for the listening hours,
 She weaves her magic rhyme.

“As bees from fruits we sip the sweets,
 Of morning life upon the wing;
 We cannot wait, for time retreats,
 And years their sadness bring;
 Oh let us love while yet we may,
 For youth can claim,
 But once to reign;
 Like buds that waste upon the way,
 But never bloom again.”

But peaceful passion bloom'd not long,
 Beneath the witchery of song ;
 Ere danger on their pathway came,
 To share in love's serener reign ;
 And darker purpose rose to shade,
 The hope in youthful guise array'd.
 Masisqua heard the trembling sigh,
 And coldly marked the speaking eye,
 That told of mutual feeling.—How !
 Should any but his own race bow,
 And seek to win the lovely child—
 Aught, but a warrior of the wild !

His vow, the Spirit once had heard,
A sachem ne'er forgets his word ;
Then wo to him who dares aspire,
To mate the blood of such a sire ;
If of another clime he come,
Polluted by successful wrong.—
Accursed—thrice accursed, be
The race that wing'd across the sea ;
And grasp'd with many a treacherous art,
The land familiar to his heart !
Thus often did the chief reveal
The thoughts that through his breast would steal ;
When by the sweeping river's side,
He mus'd upon its rushing tide ;
And mark'd the ploughshare rive the plain,
And heard the songs of toiling men.

His was the Indian's common wrong,
The theme of plaint and battle song ;
As pallid faces throng'd the shore,
Whose forest heard no foot before,
But of his tribe—not even men
Of his own race dare tread his glen,
And brave him as the stranger there,
Regardless of his strong despair !
“ Whence came they, where shall stay their feet,
What power their numbers backward sweep ?
And why upon this strange shore press,
To claim the uncultur'd wilderness ?
Has not the Spirit to my race,
The forest given ! as face to face
He spoke my fathers, o'er whose graves,
The battle's proudest memory waves ! ”
Thus was Masisqua's bosom wrought
Against St. Pierre—encroachments taught
Him hate, where first regard was given—
Hate for a might no blow had riven ;
Though oft was plann'd the dark surprise,
Beneath the midnight's gloomy skies ;—
Long had he prized the noble youth

For his own sake—so much of truth,
And manly grace, and prowess, shone
In all the indian meeds he won.—
Had he come there and stood alone,
A stranger, all his race unknown,
Unheard of, and their grasping will,
St. Pierre had been regarded still ;
And all his feats would yet retain,
The favor of Masisqua's name ;
But the fond youth that came a guest,
And in the sports was oft caress'd ;
Was the lone scion of a name,
That to a ruler's place had claim ;
And sway'd the destiny of those,
That rank'd the sachem's strongest foes.

There was a feeling deeper still,
Govern'd the proud Masisqua's will ;
One that must spring in such a soul,
And give to hatred firm control ;
'Twas sense of a superior might,
In the strange foes that cross'd him—right
Might be his, and bravery face
Unblench'd, the false, intruding race ;
But in the conflict they had shown,
A skill that could not be o'erthrown ;
And triumph'd o'er the feebler art,
Of those who owned but strength of heart.
O'er his own race his triumphs were
A common theme, and he could bear
A hundred scalp-locks, fiercely wrung,
In the lone combats he had won ;
And when he led his chosen band,
What war-path could his foe command !
What stern privation could prevail,
Whilst hanging on the Osage trail !
None dare dispute the ground he claim'd,
Where nature and his daring reign'd ;
But the pale man possessed a charm,
That foil'd the Natchez' strongest arm ;

Knowledge the woodland warrior spurn'd,
 Howe'er to thwart its power he burn'd.—
 The stratagem, the silent blow,
 Avail'd not 'gainst so wise a foe ;
 No bow could match, though boldly strung,
 Or axe, the deadly musqueton ;
 And nerveless had the spear become,
 When gather'd to the signal drum
 The soldier in his serried file,
 Regardless of an indian wile.
 And when the cannon's booming stave,
 Signall'd the crushing blow it gave,
 It seem'd to an untutored faith,
 The thunder of the Spirit's wrath !
 Masisqua's warriors fear'd the foes,
 That thus in strength superior rose ;
 And what they fear'd they hated—this,
 Elsewhere than in the wilderness,
 Is man's philosophy, a guest,
 Not strange then in a wilder breast !

While these sad omens breath'd alarm,
 Prelusive of the breaking storm,
 The maiden read her sire's intent
 In his dark eye, so fiercely bent
 Whene'er he mark'd her light step go,
 To roam the shadowy vale below ;
 And soon upon her wary ear
 'The mandate came—no more to hear,
 Or own the love the christian gave,
 Or meet him by the river's wave !
 Whilst shrinking 'neath the cold, deep tone,
 That chill'd her bursting heart to stone ;
 A sterner fate was breath'd her there,
 Than darken'd yet her soul's despair !
 Woman can school herself to shun
 The object that affection won ;
 And hush the passion wild and rude,

Within the heart's deep solitude ;
But to leave all she worshipp'd long,
'Mid the quick memories of her wrong ;
And kindly with the will's strong art,
Turn to award a stranger heart
With a new love, is more than aught,
Unerring nature yet has taught !
Yet was she bidden to prepare,
To hear a name by none held dear ;
One that could beam less kindly now,
To light her deeply saddened brow.—
Where Tchongtassabee's wigwam rose,
Fring'd with the dark scalps of his foes,
And trophies of the distant wild,
The sachem doom'd his trembling child.—
Who fitter than the subtle chief,
To wed, and own her there, beneath
The forest's leafy colonnade ?
Who fitter to protect the maid,
Than he who with the father met,
So boldly each intruding step,
Of those who still presumed to claim,
Masisqua's long endear'd domain ;
And hated, with the same fierce hate,
The arm that seem'd to wield a fate !
Young Tchongtassabee, too, had won
A name among his tribe, and none
Of all his strong compeers, but turn'd
Away, whene'er his anger burn'd.—
Unsocial his saturnine home,
The cold ey'd stoic mused alone ;
And few the feet that dare intrude,
Upon his fire in his stern mood ;
Or give him a familiar word,
When his proud coming step they heard.—
Few charms had he for woman's eye,
But what could in his strong arm lie ;
And reckless deeds, and treacherous heart,
Wherein no spring of love could start.

PART III.

'Tis night within the Natchez' dell,
O'er wold and prairie's graceful swell ;
And where the silent desert spreads,
The hunter's foot no longer treads ;
But swiftly from his wanderings,
The palpitating quarry brings.—
And where the wheeling currents fret,
By nature's verdant parapet ;
Sembling in their untoward strife,
The rough vicissitudes of life ;
Where winds more swift than winged bird,
A thousand leagues of forest stirr'd ;
Where wilds repose in quiet's reign,
And myriad dew-drops gem the plain ;
The full moon from her worshipp'd height,
Limns sweetly with her floods of light ;
Her placid smile might hate disarm,
The elements to slumber charm.—
But man's still watchful passions keep
A troubled vigil—midnight deep,
Is startled by the council flame,
And round it throng revengeful men.

The wampum to the tribes was sent,
Well school'd in what the messuage meant ;
For at Masisqua's stern behest,
The token was a welcome guest ;
They gladly heard the sachem's call,
For battle with the venturous Gaul ;
And soon on war's familiar path,
Hastened the followers of wrath :
From far Perdido's gloomy waves,
And where the Pascagoula laves
Its flowery shore—from distant bound,
Where allied vengeance might be found ;
From forest glen, savauna far,
With chiefs renown'd in chase and war,

They came—a common wrong subdued
To one will many a tribal feud.
In their untoward circumstance,
Man's passions are but things of chance ;
Mute chords that merely but await,
The sweep of errant wings of fate ;
Now placid as the morning light,
Now stormy as an angry night ;
Now fitful as a restless wave,
Now bound where mercy's errands save ;
Now charm'd with harmonies elate,
Now breathing malisons of hate !

In gloomy silence side by side
They sat, in many a circle wide ;
Each breast surcharg'd with varied thought,
But all to war's fell purpose wrought ;
Whilst hand to hand did calmly wait,
The slowly burning pipe of hate ;—
Not one in all that dusky throng,
Long tutor'd to return a wrong,
That felt a throb of brotherhood,
For those who in his pathway stood ;
Not one who would not leap to stay
The borderer's fast encroaching sway ;
Or did not deem his toil and art
Accursed, and his teeming mart ;
Whose ploughshare boded ill to all
Who spurn'd the round of labor's thrall ;
And coldly seem'd to cheat the wild
Of freedom for the forest child !

Within a dell, where nature won
And call'd the beautiful to come
In roseate light and richest forms,
'To charm beneath the summer morns ;
Where peace, sweet peace, her shrine inspir'd,
And passionate illusion, fir'd
By reckless will and mental night,

Subdued by her diviner might ;
There—where the heart should yield its hate,
And every feeling consecrate
To things all loveable and pure—
E'en there, so fitted to allure
The votary, all untutored still,
To vows of less malignant will ;
Wildly the baleful council fire,
Gleam'd through each foliated spire ;
To features gave, and brows intent,
A deeper scowl and fiercer bent ;
As many a sachem's bold appeal,
Of arrowy words and gleaming steel,
Arous'd them.—

First of warriors there,
Familiar of the forest lair;
Chatolca, from the Calcasieu,
For morns had swiftly skimmed the dew ;
And sought to give the council fire,
Words that should rouse each fierce desire.
Though many springs had call'd him forth,
To roam upon the battling earth ;
Though wounds had scarr'd his heaving chest,
And years essay'd to stoop his crest ;
Stately as Agamemnon rose
The chief, his purpose to disclose ;—
His fiery gaze first stole along
The dark lines of the stalwart throng ;
Then in relentless tones began
Recital of his deeds—thus ran
His thoughts,—“ Chiefs, warriors, brothers—hear
Chatolca, for his bow and spear !
His shaft has made the wild deer weep
For sixty summers—cragged steep,
Where rude rocks crumbled o'er their bed,
He swept when fiercer quarry led ;
Heat, cold, stern hunger's claim, but taught
His spirit to revile as nought,
When on the dread Tchatoga's trail,
He caught bold Manshaquita's hail !

The eagle's screaming call-note came
At morn to prey of meaner fame,
Less fearful than the sound of fate,
Blent with the young Chatolca's hate ;
O'er hill and mountain, pathless wild,
Broad lake and river, Shonka's child
Roam'd at his will on danger's way,
When few of all his tribe could stay
Wild Shomecosse—hand to hand,
He dar'd the boasted chief to stand
With thirsty hatchet where he wav'd
The scalps of battle's years—he brav'd
The fury that Napowsa bore,
And Tallee on Maurepas' shore ;
From ambush when the sun was dead,
Mahtoga and his boldest bled ;
Shatonga from the path of day,
In terror swiftly turn'd away !
He is not listless when commands,
Come to defend his home and lands ;
His arm is strung in vigor still,
To do, in every strife, his will !
See, in my belt, the scalp locks cold,
Stripp'd where Suwannee's waters roll'd
Three moons ago ! my angry knife,
Then redden'd in the pale man's life ;
And as his household roof I fir'd,
With fearful wail his life expir'd !
Where'er his hated foot has stood,
Was won by struggle and by blood ;
And when he roams I watch his path,
A silent monitor of wrath ;
Around his door with stealthy tread,
I peer upon his midnight bed ;
And as the waning shades retire,
Death greets a matron or a sire !
My pity hath but narrow bound,
Where vile intruders rive the ground ;
And day by day my deeds shall tell,
How speeds my arrow and how well !

The Spirit's children must prepare
To meet the white chiefs, and to dare
Their power—our swift steeds snuff the air,
And neigh for battle!—I shall tread
Above my low and kindred dead,
No white paths through my hunting grounds;
I shall forget all other sounds
That minister in nature, and
Like storm beats on the driving sand,
Know but the drifts of passion—'till
In blood all enemies are still,
Darkness shall own Chatolca!"

Next,

Young Ompsehara, from the unvex'd,
And silent Catahoula's shore,
Where trophies proud he early bore;
Whose soul poetic fire imbued,
In the lone depths of solitude;
Whose heart in love and war was true,
Whose will mild woman could subdue;
Arose, and with a mournful air,
Breath'd words of sorrow and of care:—

"Time backward when my days were young,
And first my 'ntutored bow was strung;
Around my native lakes I stray'd,
And with their sunny waters play'd;
Savannas woo'd me as their child,
To charm me with their flowerets wild;
Untrodden by the foot of wrong,
Their grassy billows wav'd to song.—
I stood upon the hills of day,
To watch the golden river's play;
Ting'd by the morn's ascending beam,
Or in the dying sunset's dream;
In all the forest's devious round,
O'er all the valley's tranquil ground;
I deem'd I saw, unknown to tears,

The landscape of my future years ;
My paths a thousand visions had,
And Ompsehara's heart was glad !

When manhood gave my sinews power,
I ceas'd to sport in forest bower;
Led by my father to the chase,
Or to the battles of my race ;
Ambitious of a warrior's name,
I burn'd to win Wachitta's fame ;
Won by the charm of danger'sfeat,
In every warpath's dark retreat ;
The hatchet's swift, unerring blow,
Was fear'd by Ompsehara's foe.—
Proud strangers came and mark'd our lands,
From ocean to the river sands ;
Hew'd through the forest's heart their way,
To master with superior sway.—
Wachitta's son was forest born,
Familiar of the cloud and storm ;
Though bred to war and taught to shun
A race that travelled with the sun ;
He passed the pipe of peace around,
And shew'd his bounteous hunting ground ;
Feasted the pale chiefs and their bands,
Unmindful of their grasping hands ;
Beside our council fires they stood,
As though they lov'd the indian blood ;
While each one scorn'd us in his heart,
He won us by his kindly part.—

I own'd the impulse of the young,
And woo'd where bright Winona sung ;
She, Kagohami's dove eyed child,
Returned with quiet faith, my wild
And passionate dreaming—my days
Were mellowed in the constant rays
Of love's young light !

One summer morn,

Ere yet the golden day was born,
I started for the distant chase,
Upon the mountain's rugged face,
To bring her, of the desert meed,
The proudest of a hunter's deed ;
On every foot of that rough way,
Throughout the hot and fretful day,
Within the gorge, beside the lair,
Her image floated every where !
When tall tree shades were far prolong'd,
And through them evening's mysteries throng'd ;
With rapid step I sought my home,
To seek the early loved one ;
But through the dusky eve to greet
My fond return, with welcome feet,
Tripp'd forth no light and eager bride,
To smile and nestle to my side ;
A silent gloom had settled there,
Within were darkness and despair ;
She, who was all of life and light,
Was stolen by a lecherous white !

To him no morn again shone o'er,
The grass around his cottage door ;
Ere midnight held its dreamy reign,
My knife had cleft his heart in twain !
And lone Winona knows no wrong
Beside the river now, her song
Is wild and meaningless, as winds
Breath'd fitfully among the pines !

My heart is weary with my grief,
Nor chase, nor war can bring relief ;
I cannot tread the river's shore,
Or roam the mountain as before ;
Beside me flits, in madness toss'd,
The image of the lov'd and lost !

As wont I cannot storms defy,
Or gaze in mid-day's fiery eye;
My spirit is in darkness bow'd,
No buds are blooming where I vow'd;
All else than gloom have fled away,
Like mocking visions of a day."

Prophet of fate, Emathlohee,
Whitened by ninety winters, stood ;
His eye yet clear, as o'er the sea
Of listening braves it darkly glowed—
“ Emathlohee, my children, hears
Familiar sounds of other years ;
He marks the eagle o'er her brood,
The wolf and cougar cry for blood !
The ghosts of the beloved men
Of old, are stealing through this glen ;
They call from shades with sorrowing eyes,
And point me to our darkening skies ;
Still unpeased they wander near,
The captives chant of death to hear ;
And calmly 'mid the gloom of night,
Await the fiery torture's light !
I look afar upon the way,
I traversed from my early day ;
As was my wont when first my feet
Could stern Mahtoga's pathway keep ;
At every tribe's restless name,
I dream my boyhood's dreams again.—
A thousand moons ago I trod,
The fleetest o'er this tented sod ;
I hunted through Yohewa's land,
Taught by the great Moscoso's hand ;
Beside him fought the Muscogee,
And smote the furious Yemassee ;
By swift Wachita's gleaming waves,
I led the spears of many braves ;
No strange voice then from rise of sun,
Hail'd us, their woodland homes to shun ;

And o'er our proudly travers'd ground,
Nought but the red man's trail was found ;
Tametah of the Ocmulgee,
Trod sovereign of the grassy sea ;
Quorinnah then, the raven, sway'd
Savannas wide and forest shade !
But now our white paths all are cross'd,
Masisqua mourns the vantage lost ;
Our plains afar the strangers seek,
Our vales are crossed by many feet ;
Where cautious bands the silence stirr'd,
The echoes of the drum are heard ;
And thunders that we cannot wield,
Pierce to the heart through every shield.
But where their young men now rejoice,
I hear Elohim's angry voice ;
The omen bird is in the grove,
He hath no song of peace or love ;
And with a prophet's eye I bend
My vision to the stormy end.—
When suns come not Shawano leads
His band of reckless desert steeds ;
Masisqua's arrows drink of life,
And Tchongtassabee laughs in strife ;
Stung by the spirit's fiery wrath,
The prairie lights the midnight path ;
In silence warriors rest them low,
Their feet shall never come and go ;
And all who long have dared to brave
My children by the river wave,
Feel 'mid the scathing bonds of flame,
The terrors of Masisqua's name!"

And then the great Masisqua, chief
Of all the chiefs assembled there ;
Stern where his words, and strong, and brief,
Commanding eye and lordly air !
His hatchet clutch'd with purpose strong,
His arm extended towards the throng,

Thus spoke :—“My warriors, children, braves—
Ye stand among your father’s graves !
Their eyes from happier hunting grounds,
Gaze sadly at our narrowing bounds ;
They hear our speech and note our needs,
And wait to mark some braver deeds ;
Along the sky wild echoes roll,
The Spirit’s voice the clouds control ;
And lightnings cross the flowery maze,
To write the doom of coming days ;
The dusky raven stoops to prey,
The wolf at night returns to slay ;
Streams onward flow to summer lands,
Nor stay them at men’s cold commands ;
The day-god seeks the western sky,
Nor pauses in his march on high !
Then shall we backward press to find,
A distant forest for our kind ?
Here shall we keep our council flame,
Forever here our deeds and name !
Would Minnissurraree e’re allow
The slavish toiler with his plow,
To come upon the Natchee plain,
And shout amid the waving grain ?
Would fierce Manotah welcome fell
Invaders of his native dell ;
To hew his forests, hunt his game,
His friendship spurn, his spirit shame !
Sooner than these ten thousand strings
Would send their shafts upon the wings
Of fury to the white man’s heart—
As many spears unerring dart
Their welcome, and return to see,
The Choctaw and the Yemassee,
Their wives no more, whilst thronging come,
The hosts that claim to set of sun !
But now Manotah hath no spear,
No arrow where he struck the deer ;
Moscoso’s will no longer reigns,
Upon his long defended plains ;

And all his children fear the foe,
That deals Eloha's dreaded blow ;
Their feet are slow and fear to come,
Where many scalps their fathers won ;
The white regards them not as men,
Fitted to stand on nature's realm ;
Compared to him upon the wild,
Masisqua is a little child !

When first Wachita's vale he sought,
His heart was weak, his hand untaught ;
He praised our feats, our friendship made,
With his our wondering children play'd ;
The bow to draw, the spear to wield,
To shape the arrow and the shield ;
The wolf to trap, the bison slay,
The panther make a living prey ;
And all the stern feats of the wild,
We taught as though he were a child ;—
What then ! his heart a wolf's became,
As he grew strong, and dar'd to claim
As all his own the mountain range,
The forest and the pathways strange !
He on the lead of empire came,
To doom the races of the plain ;
So boast his wise men now, nor care,
Longer to speak kind words and fair ;
And we intruders have become,
Not they who march to beat of drum !

Now, by our fathers and our homes—
By the Great Spirit, when his tones
Of thunder on each mountain peak,
There to his stricken children speak—
By sweeping floods that long have borne,
Our barks upon their heaving form—
By trophies round our wigwams spread,
Scalps of the living and the dead—
By all the deeds Shahaka sung,

When round him scathing tortures clung ;
 Masisqua shall not bow him where
 His fathers roam'd as free as air !
 And when my children shall go forth,
 To dye with blood the hungry earth ;
 No pitying hearts shall lead our bands,
 To falter at death's dark commands ;
 No ! no ! e'en woman's wail shall break,
 As music on the ear of hate !
 War's flame shall light the cottage roof,
 Breasts crash beneath the plunging hoof ;
 And when our knives have pierced the last,
 Of all who heav'd the dying gasp ;
 Amid the blackened solitude,
 Nought shall remain to tell where stood
 The boasting toiler !”

PART I V.

O'er the earth
 Two moons have wan'd—in Autumn's birth,
 The hazy air reflects the sky,
 And dews like bright enchantments lie ;
 Rose tinted and serene, the woods
 Are holy in the sunset floods ;
 benignly rests each quiet ray,
 Upon the fading hills of day ;
 Mellow and fring'd, with gold bedight,
 The cloudlets drift in love and light ;
 Sequester'd shades, more solemn still,
 The heart with purer breathings fill ;
 Light breaths, and mild, more sweet than lute,
 Drop from the boughs the mellow fruit ;
 And nature woman's soul beseems,
 Her eye is soft and full of dreams !

And night, lone night, is o'er the plains—
Night, that no murderous deed restrains !
No fateful sounds are on the air,
Or dim presaging steppings there ;
Its mate the jocund night-bird calls,
The dove's sweet note the grove entrals ;
Where by the shore the tendrils twine,
The stars o'er murmuring waters shine,
And wearied hearts surcharg'd with care,
The happy sooth of slumber share.

Midnight apace—and lonelier still,
Darkness prevails o'er vale and hill !
Peace has evok'd her silent muse,
To wander through the haunts of dews ;
And nought disturbs where gloom is rife,
The calm serenity of life ;
Within the depths of silence, rest
Its vesture weaves o'er nature's breast ;
Or, as a blessing from the skies,
A beautiful ideal lies.—
But list!—along the dusky ground,
Quick steps, and stealthy, lightly bound ;
From wood remote and dim ravine,
The wild and martial vengers stream !
Where'er the white man's roof-trees loom,
Weird forms are round the sleepers' home ;
O'er the calm scene throng'd terrors burst,
And all by prophet lips accurst,
Start from a dreamy couch to feel
The fury of Masisqua's steel !
No time is given to meet the doom,
No time to strike the warning drum ;
For ghosts from out the spirit land,
Call for a quick, relentless hand !
Ah !—lurid light assails the sky,
And furtive forms the cottage fly ;
Far on the air, by anguish torn,
Woman's last, piercing wail is borne ;

But mingled with the sounds of strife,
As brave arms strike for home and life !
Death's banner waves o'er many a rood,
With curses wild and oath's of blood ;
Hot feet press through the shatter'd door,
And darkly throng the 'nsanguin'd floor ;
Foemen at foemen sternly dart,
As vulture passions tear the heart ;
Beneath the torch the homesteads glow,
Steel gleams on steel at every blow ;
'Till sinking 'neath the stronger arm,
The dying droop the stricken form !

From sleep that could all ills decharm,
And sweetly reck'd not of alarm ;
St. Pierre, the elder, waken'd there,
At sounds the bravest pal'd to hear !
Though but to charm his daring heart
Perils had zest, 'twas not the part
He would have chosen, when the wife,
And kindred loves were in the strife.—
Born of a stern baronial race,
Imparting Anjou's gallant grace ;
He paus'd to ask of circling foes
No mercy from their treacherous blows ;
Resolv'd that death or coward shame,
Should never blot a noble name ;
His signal trumpet, shrill and high,
Threw on the night his battle cry !
'Twas heard ! though fated soon to fall,
His toilmen gather'd at his call ;
And boldly at his quick command,
Array'd them in death's breach to stand ;
Alas ! the arm, the stalwart form,
That brench'd not in the battle's storm,
Fought but to bleed without a hope,
With numbers and despair to cope !
St. Pierre led on his rallied few,
Prompt to his latest call, and true ;

Calm in his toils, but vain to save,
His hearthstone from the avenging wave ;
And vainly too his gallant boy,
Noting too late the dread decoy,
Struck for his sire on every side,
To stay the conflict's fiercest tide.—
Whilst hapless woman plead for life,
Amid the wantonness of strife ;
The fell Masisqua hemm'd around,
The last that held the fated ground ;
His axe their weakening numbers sped,
And round him madly heap'd the dead !
Vain cry for mercy ! years had borne
The gathering clouds of hatred on ;
And o'er the hapless plain they burst,
More direful for the wrongs they nurs'd !
From hearth to hearth chiefs boldly led,
Avengers of the wrong'd and dead ;
Fierce as their passions, flames essay'd
To light afar the ill-starr'd glade ;
Nor ceas'd 'till strife no longer burn'd,
And fields to desert had return'd !

'Tis morn—alas ! the blacken'd waste !
Truly the angry prophet trac'd
The destiny of those who fell !—
Few sires remain, or sons, to tell
How surely sprung the dread surprise :
Bleeding beside charr'd ruins, lies
The mangled form—wife, mother, babe,
And maiden, all to death betray'd !
The vulture feasted at the dawn,
And senseless flesh the wolf has torn.—
But none shall mark the ruin there,
None note the night where reign'd despair ;
Ah ! none shall come to mourn the lost,
Where wild rage claim'd its holocaust !
No crowd ere leave its stoic pride,
To pity where the borderer died ;

For man can own but weak regret,
Or if he weep shall soon forget.—
No page the historic muse shall own,
To tell of strong hopes overthrown ;
The blighted love, the sudden foe,
The anguish and the sigh of woe.
What recks it ! Spring shall come again,
And Summer with her golden reign !
Kind nature, like a mother, spread
Her green robe where the fated bled ;
And sweeter flowers shall yield their breath,
Responsive to the step of death ;
The ceremonys of the slain shall be,
The rank grass and the waving tree ;
And winds around their flowery bed,
Breathe forth the requiems of the dead ;—
And morns shall come and solemn night,
And years wing o'er with restless flight ;
New men with stronger might succeed
The few that dar'd to empire lead.—
What recks it ! they were few, unknown,
Prelusive sea-waves wildly blown ;
None that the onward tides shall miss,
Whilst wrapt in death's long armistice !
Though whelming torrents of events,
Have swept their feeble muniments ;
For them on life's sequestered shore,
Hot wars and perils dire are o'er ;
No rough calamity shall burst,
Where earth her primal forests nurs'd.

What though Masisqua sternly rose
In might superior to his foes ;
And sated vengeance left no spell
Of brightness where the leaguered fell ?
The native child in turn shall bend
To prowess that his fate shall end ;
The mystic tide of destiny
Sweep to the earth his hallowed tree ;
The bolder monuments of men

Of other races light the glen ;
Bright records leave in every shrine,
A memory ne'er to pale with time ;
And realms of solitude that nurse
Rude passions of the primal curse,
Shall hear an empire's solemn tread,
Above the unremembered dead !

Shall man upon the hill-tops stand,
And claim the distant reach his own ;
Whilst waiting millions thirst for land,
That only savage footprints own ?
No, no—the earth is God's, for all—
The winds, the waters, forests tall !
Cloud breasting mountains, oak-clad hills,
The valleys and their leaping rills ;
The prairie's green and billowy breast,
By light gazelle and wild steed press'd ;
The crags where storm-nurst eagles sweep,
The cataract and the shelving deep,
Are for the common want—the few
Must yield what is to many due.

PART V.

A quiet morning sun has cast,
Its beams athwart the woodland glade ;
Whilst, as affrighted deer, and fast,
Fly a lorn lover and a maid !
'Tis not the springing step of glee,
Moving to love's light minstrelsy,
That pauses now upon the sward,
Of nature in her sweet accord ;
And now to mark her beauteous forms,
Within her deep sequestered lawns.—
The oriole breathes his mellow trills,

The thrush the air with wild notes fills ;
Joyous the woods, the streamlets glad,
Whilst loving hearts are torn and sad !
Her raven hair the wind has toss'd
Dishevell'd, and her eye has lost
The radiance of its wondrous gaze,
And many a scathing tear-drop strays
In silence down her sorrowing cheek,
So gladsome erst, but now so meek !
Whilst he, with words of manly hope,
Cheers her with danger's flight to cope ;
They breast the hill and thread the wood,
Where oft in lov'd retreats they woo'd ;
Where he'd beguil'd her virgin hours,
Amid a summer sea of flowers :
But trysting bowers and tempting bloom,
A fearful memory now assume.

Oh speed ye faster—speed ye on—
Swift feet are dashing through the vale !
For at the morning's earliest dawn,
They quickly found the freshen'd trail !
Reck not of crags—the path is cross'd,
Quick—to the hills—or ye are lost !
Exulting shouts e'en now resound,
Along the dank and hollow ground ;
And faster still the reckless speed
Is urged by Tchongtassabee's lead ;
From morn those feet can follow on,
From morn 'till noon and set of sun ;
Lithe as the leopard in his ire,
Pursuit no limb or will can tire ;
Wild fates upon a storm-lit night,
More tireless cannot urge their flight !

Sad wanderers ! hand in hand they sped,
Far from the stark, unshiven dead !
And as the panting maiden tir'd,
St. Pierre her heart with hope inspir'd ;
Urged onward, bore her through the streams,

And tangled wild-wood, where the beams
Of furtive sun-light coldly stray'd,
'Till faint with terror, sank the maid !
One fated sound had met her ear,
A dread monition wafted near ;
'Twas Sanglant's bay behind the hill,
Too faithful to another's will :
Alas ! that one who would befriend,
And e'en to death her steps defend ;
Should keep the stern pursuing way,
And all unwitting, thus betray !

But now St. Pierre, severely true,
Shew'd of wild wood-craft what he knew ;
For he had skill to foil a foe,
And from pursuit the fleetest throw ;
Oft led them wildering beats to stray,
And laugh'd at all their baffled play.—
And now, when death is on the track,
Devices keen the memory rack ;
As nought has power like danger near,
To make the quicken'd purpose clear ;
The lover brought his subtlest art,
To save the one so near his heart ;
Whilst she, who with familiar ear
Had listen'd often, with a tear,
To warm recitals of the braves,
How they had fought through treacherous ways,
And lur'd their foes, so long elate,
To ambush and a sudden fate ;
She, with her lover's skill, now sought
To mate hers with his boldest thought ;
And with a brave, enduring part,
To baffle Tchongtassabee's art.

Surrounded by a chain of hill,
Wooded and cragg'd at nature's will,
Rested a lake and valley deep,
Within a lone untroubled keep :

Upon the waters sweetly laid,
 Reposed no yew's repulsive shade ;
 No blast from hyperborean lands,
 Had ever cross'd their peaceful sands.—
 Yet round these, fearful mystery hung,
 The indian mother long had sung
 Their legends—flitting and weird forms,
 Companions of the night and storms,
 Made them a dread—the hunter there,
 Paus'd not, and nought but dire despair,
 Could force the bravest step to seek,
 Or tempt the demon's lone retreat.—
 Place of ill omens ! tall elms gave
 A terror to their lengthened shade !
 Sepulchral tones the forest stirr'd,
 And spirits of the dead were heard !
 Within the valley thus enchain'd,
 The evil Hobamocco* reigned !

This spot, that man was taught to fear,
 Was sought by many a hard press'd deer ;
 And oft, blest ignorance of ills
 The mind with dark ideals fills !
 There, far adown the verdant slope,
 Gamboll'd the timid antelope !
 Around the lake a velvet green,
 Scarce lighted by the summer sheen,
 And placid as the lake's cool breast,
 On which sabbatic peace had rest,
 Caressing lay, and sweetly shed
 Its odor's o'er the water's bed ;
 From 'neath the rocks, with lichens hung,
 And vines in nestling beauty strung ;
 A free, symmetric, silver thread
 Of streamlet, seem'd by fancy led ;
 And all the lone surroundings there,
 That bloom'd or trill'd upon the air ;
 By summer wreath'd or autumn dy'd,
 Lovelier than aught on earth beside ;

* The indian Spirit of Evil.

Reveal'd like some enchanted scene,
That nature in her fervid dream,
Form'd and adorn'd with magian hand,
An emblem of the better land !

This vale sequestered thus, and blest,
Was made the lovers' place of tryst
Oft in their summer roamings, when
The shades were cool within the glen.—

And here Etoile in loving tones,
Was taught that nature never owns
Within her deep seclusions, aught
Of wildest reach, with evil fraught.

The wary fugitives, as close,

 And closer swell'd the fitful bay
Of Sanglant, and triumphant rose

 The shout that wildly brought dismay,
By pathways doubly now revered,
The indian's dreaded valley near'd ;
Up a wild stream, a weary way
They work'd, and from its crystal spray,
Sprung to a great oak's limb, that spread
In cluster'd foliage overhead ;
Climb'd the rough crags from base to peak,
Where speeding shafts in vain might seek ;
And winding down through flowery dyes,
Welcom'd the earthly paradise ;
Where superstition's hydra guard,
Maintain'd for them a watch and ward.

P A R T VI.

Beside a stream that gently sung,
Like Memnon to the morning sun ;
A recluse lived, monastic, gray,
A teacher of the better way :

Though tenant of a humble cell,
His hopes on earth had ceas'd to dwell ;
His silvery beard and sainted head,
His face with earthless love o'erspread ;
His eye commanding, yet serene,
That sought the skies with hopeful mien ;
His form erect though long a sage,
Treading the snow-white path of age ;
His mind with heavenly lore imbued,
Through life's severe vicissitude ;
His speech for virtue only given,
Breathing beatitudes of heaven ;
Endear'd him to the tribes around,
Who view'd him as on sacred ground :
Heroic patience mark'd each thought,
Each day was some bright purpose wrought ;
A sabbath solitude of time,
Made e'en his earthly life sublime !
His words as from a prophet's tongue,
Fell sweetly o'er the gather'd throng ;
That came to seek diviner light,
Through shadowy faith and holy rite.

Upon a quiet Autumn day,
As the leaves dropp'd, and patient lay
The hazy vales, and mellow dawns
Were yielding to the front of storms ;
Within the holy father's place,
Two youthful forms with loving grace,
Bow'd to the uttered precept there,
And ask'd a blessing and a prayer :
He with a mien and bearing high,
She with her dark and heavenly eye ;
Uttered the vow and gave the kiss,
When life is rounded into bliss !
A couchant form is there beside,
To memory's sadden'd days allied ;
Unselfish faith and courage gave,
His name a welcome to the brave ;
His eye upturn'd with anxious air,

Pleas'd in a kindly glance to share ;
And often turn'd as though to hear,
If stealthy danger brooded near :—
Whilst in the flush of danger's beat,
Sanglant had found the wild retreat ;
And seem'd resolved with them to share,
Whate'er the future might prepare.—
They spoke the vow, the blessing heard,
The father gave the parting word ;
Departing thence they trod no more,
The forest or the river shore ;—
The haunts of youth by night o'erspread,
And marr'd by visions of the dead ;
The vale of tryst, the beechen tree,
The streamlet and the summer lea ;
No more for them should greet the eve,
The voices love could there inwreathe ;
For far away the faithful hied,
The fair youth and his indian bride !

P A R T V I I .

'Tis said when years had swept the plain,
And all the Natchez' lov'd domain
Was wrested by aspiring hands,
From nature and the indian bands ;—
When man's intrepid march had led
Beyond where bold Masisqua bled ;
And tribal prowess pass'd away,
Before an empire's strengthened sway ;
An aged chief, the last of all
That gathered at his stirring call,
The forest's dim recesses ranged,
From hope his spirit all estrang'd :
His form had lost its wonted spring,

No quarry could his arrow bring ;
His eye with lingering sorrow wet,
And wandering with a faltering step,
On every pathway of the wild,
He call'd for his beloved child !
But day by day he vainly sought,
Though oft, in fancy's sooth, he caught,
By distance dimm'd a fluttering lock,
That vanish'd, all his hopes to mock !
The echoes madly startled there,
Pass'd far the name in wild despair ;
Or at his cry, in sad recoil,
The rocks return'd Etoile ! Etoile !
At last by wildering madness torn,
His sorrows dry, his air forlorn ;
He sought the haunted vale, where led
In grief, the lover's flight had sped ;
There he invoked, on evil ground,
Release from memory's torturing round !
The scalp-locks from his arms were riv'n,
Deep in the sod his spear was driv'n ;
Upon it hung his shield and bow,
Beside lay axe and quiver low ;
His robe, in manhood proudly worn,
Prelude of death, in twain was torn ;
And 'neath an oak, where oft his child
The sweetest hours of love beguil'd,
Prone on the earth's inviting breast,
His limbs he calmly laid to rest !
He was aweary now, and life's
Stern battle clos'd—the many strifes
That had beset him in the past,
Conquer'd the fretted heart at last ;—
His feet had found the setting sun,
The silent goal of time was won !

SOLITUDE.

AN APOSTROPHE.

PART I.

SPIRIT of sequestered loneliness,
Of silent realms, with tranquil shadows fraught !
From placid depths thy voices come to bless,
And earnest visions have my heart besought !
Where shall I muse that thou hast not a thought,
Where shall I roam that thou hast not a shrine !
Where shall I dwell that thou hast not inwrought
A love for every quietude of thine,
Where peace serenely reigns, thy dim aisles seem divine !

At thy enchanted fountains I have bowed,
To woo thy inspirations, for they teach
To me a worthier lesson than the crowd,
A hope in things beyond the common reach !
If "peace hath victories," the meed is thine,
If earth hath holiness 'tis at thy shrines ;
Where minstrel tendrils harp-like intertwine,
Sweetly to gather music from the winds,
And hymn the faith of nature through her bending pines !

Not vainly in thy calm and far recesses,
 Alone, shut out the glory of the sky,
 I seek embower'd rest that kindly blesses,
 And wins me to a world without a sigh !
 The vistas of the monarch oaks are nigh,
 Around me lavish summer's children play ;
 The zephyrs in their loves go wandering by,
 'Mid rippling trills and gleams of silent day,
 And life's mysterious dreams bestrew the blooming way.

Here nature's deep solemnity hath borne
 The fervid spirit to a purer clime ;
 And from the heart the baser part was torn,
 Leaving the springs of feeling all divine :
 Thee I've ador'd as at a sabbath time
 I paused to be thy worshipper—I've stood
 As o'er me came inspiring notes of thine ;
 And in the placid valley and the wood,
 There did'st thou minister, from guilt's wild passions woo'd!

The pathos wild in Oberhasli's vale,
 Sung by the artless peasant in her glee ;
 When blithe she goes the parting beam to hail,
 As day retires, is but a part of thee !
 The rush of gleaming waters, wild and free,
 The balmy walks by opening buds adorn'd ;
 All that may charm of love's sweet minstrelsy,
 When to one thought are mutual feelings turn'd,
 And their first bliss is told to groves that never mourn'd.

Vain were the wood, the valley and the bower,
 The far savanna's green, the surf-beat shore ;
 The silent dell, enamored of its flower,
 Ionian isles, and realms where oceans roar,
 Without thee vain !—the heart no rapture finds
 To bless its musings, wheresoe'er we tread ;
 Nor the fond memory that so strongly binds
 To one remembered spot—without thee dead,
 Were every haunt we love and every path we tread !

I've mus'd o'er isles in the still bosom'd lake,
That sleep in summer beauty, sweetly lull'd
By the soft west wind's music, with green brakes,
And meads of fair wild flowerets all uncull'd,
Earth's brightest, purest children, that doth play
In freshening bloom around her, dell and plain,
And woodland glade as in an eden day ;
With beauty over all things, and the chain
Of being circling all with gladness 'neath thy reign !

The mournful cadence of thy ocean waves,
Thy mountain steeps that breathe the winds of heaven ;
The green gloom of thy arching boughs and sprays,
Evoke a welcome when the heart is riven :
These we inherit, they are kindly given
To minister to longings for pure things ;
And make the sad and roughen'd pathway even,
Unto the coming of time's brighter wings,
When to the waiting hour its healing faith it brings.

Oft when our being is beneath a cloud,
Thou hast a sooth amid the weariness ;
Sweetly to charm the serried thoughts that crowd
Too sternly on the memory, and bless
The peace invoking spirit, and that heals
The fresh wounds early disappointments give ;
Thou hast a spiritual pathway that reveals
Blest quietudes and sympathies, that live
In the same haunts with grief, and with its plaints inwreathè.

It is with thee Erato sweeps her lyre,
When through its chords melodious passions swell ;
With thee the fair Urania doth aspire,
Among the lone, enchanted stars to dwell ;
And Polyhymnia wanders through the dell,
To gather sacred strains beside the streams ;
Melpomene her griefs thy shades doth tell,
Thalia with lighter steps of laughter teems,
And Clio's sober page with cold remembrance gleams.

'Tis evening, and midsummer's ardent prime,
 Thou strayest forth through groves of beauty now ;
 I hear thee 'mid the wildwood and the vine,
 Sweetly thou seem'st to whisper o'er my brow !
 Here, 'mid thy hallowed breathings, do I vow
 To thee and Virtue !—the aspiring thrill
 That guides me upward, quickens my heart's glow,
 As softly come the voices of each rill,
 And silence towers sublime on every dusky hill !

The solemn night is thine, but sadness blends
 Not with its depth of shade—diffusive smiles
 The moon in silence through the foliage sends,
 O'er sward and rippling floods, and forest aisles :
 Part of this being, through the green defiles
 I tread, but not alone, the magian scene
 Breathes in a circling life, and all beguiles
 To utterance around me, and I deem
 My spirit as of those that through each vista gleam.

I hear thee in the warble of the bird,
 And in the hymn-like murmur of the bee ;
 Where the deep sighings of the wood have stirr'd,
 Thoughts that ascended to the Deity ;
 Where faith, bright faith, in heavenly musings strays,
 And pure devotion owns a quiet fane ;
 Poetic life bestrews the flowery maze,
 And twining buds a teaching moral claim,
 To win the errant way from sin's illusive dream.

I seek thee, for thou hast a dwelling place,
 Holy, and near to God—the waning day
 Stilleth the lustrous waters, and I trace
 The light and guidance of an inner way ;
 Ideals that invoke a spirit's stay,
 Born on the silvery wings of light are mine ;
 And where the oak's majestic wavings play
 O'er the lake's bosom, all familiars thine,
 They plead for thee an immortality of time !

Were it within our reach to call the past,
And summon forth the deeds we fear to name ;
That we might heal them in a mercy vast,
Or shape them into others without shame ;
We first should wander where the forests trace
Perennial shadows, and the streamlets bend
Around the windings of the mountain's base,
And sweet emotions o'er the way impend,
To hallow every wish and meander thought transcend.

Born of the orient ages, thou wert given,
To bless our race when Eden's groves were young ;
Man walk'd with thee before his day's were riven,
Or night in stormy sorrow round him clung.—
Though he has changed, thou hast not, thou hast wrung
From him no sighs, thou wouldest that he could soar
Above his passions, as when angels sung,
And from the threshold of the heavenly door,
To him a primal love the voiceful angel bore.

Fraught with thy teachings we our bliss increase,
A bright, imperishable faith secure ;
As thou, within thy hallowed reach of peace,
We are most blessed when we are most pure !
Thy quietudes doth fit us to endure,
And things that spring in beauty from the dust,
Blossom not vainly, but to us assure,
In form and symbol a renewing trust,
That all the changes of our destiny are just.

With thee I see the unseen, and I hear
The silent—by the o'ermastering thought
Grasp the impalpable, and, as the seer,
Command the radiant presence thou hast wrought !
Thus I become, despite what I am taught,
Familiar of the invisible—night,
That sterner moods and doubtful musings brought,
Is rifted as the cloud beneath the light,
And earthless vistas loom upon a mortal sight.

We have an immortality of bliss,
 In that we can remember all that reigns
 Of beauty, and forgetting things amiss,
 Nought but the brightness of the past remains ;
 And we could dwell forever in the plains
 Where destinies are woven, and our faith
 Is but a mystery, if aught that claims
 Our homage, from the pain and bitter scathe [trayeth.
 Of wrong were free, unknown the lures that hearts be-

We follow no cloud and fire as of old,
 When faith was dim and cold the mystic rite ;
 For now the shadows from the sight are roll'd,
 With eye serene we tread the path of light :
 And earth is ours, and years have brought their might,
 To teach us she is beautiful, and we,
 With her bright verdure at our feet, delight
 A part of her fair imagery to be,
 Gladly revering all things born of her and thee !

For Earth is not a wilderness, she is
 A bountiful creation born of heaven ;
 Her seasons are but rounds of happiness,
 Emparadised by changing glories given :
 She hath a blessedness in giving, e'en
 Her deserts bloom, and sombre wastes return
 Their harvests to her children—though oft riven
 By the storm, she yet holds aloft her urn
 Of living fruits, making her vales a bright sojourn.

We love her for her mysteries, she is veil'd
 In a majestic beauty—all her glades
 Of silence, dimm'd with forest wildly trail'd
 By loving tendrils of the vine, where fades
 The glowing sunlight into sober shades,
 And boughs sigh sweetly to the waves of sound,
 Seemeth to rise from perishable aids
 That note but change and ruin, yet abound
 Immortal pathways o'er the calm and sacred ground.

I roam upon her mountains, to delight
 In her wild voices—where the eagle screams,
 I hail the early flush of morning light,
 And mark the brightening pathway of its beams !
 Calm 'mid her grandeur, I commune in dreams,
 And search the ether to its farthest blue ;
 Far as the sun-light's fiery splendor streams,
 Cimmerian reaches change their leaden hue,
 And misty landscapes rise, a dream-land to the view.

Through far ethereal paths of glowing air,
 With arrowy speed Apollo's coursers fly ;
 And as the night withdraws her hours of care,
 Hyperion glory gems the leaden sky :
 In music moments flow unheeded by,
 Sweetly as Orphean lyre at early dawn ;
 I seem to walk with golden shoon on high,
 As meek Aurora pales the stars of morn,
 And e'en her dewy tears the bright'ning plains adorn.

Here we may worship, stand at holy shrines—
 Hypethral temples are the mountain's crests,
 Whose spires are monarch oaks and sighing pines ;
 And rocks, the Titans of the wilds, are bless'd
 As nature's altars—years of storm invest
 Them with a faith—the upper depths, and lone,
 Of radiant air, invite the soul to rest ;
 Sweetness and light and life, come flowing down,
 And all the guileless place an angel's hand doth crown.

The river and the streamlet calmly thread,
 In veins of silver through the circling green ;
 And groves redeem'd from silence and the dead,
 Await the glory of the coming sheen ;
 The dewy meadows brighten in the gleam,
 That summon'd first the hill-tops from the night ;
 And birds' sweet carols greet the reddening beam,
 And flowers awake to song beneath the light,
 And to the sounds of joy the winged winds invite.

Is not the peerless sun her God, giving
 Her life and beauty ? Doth he not in love,
 Wreathe her with resplendent forms, that, living,
 Make her a glory with the stars above ?
 Oft when the passionate storms in darkness move,
 Reckless of her fair and loveable things ;
 He chases from her brow the clouds they wove,
 To all her griefs benignant healing brings,
 And leads her with his beams, where'er her pathway wings.

The Pleiades, Orion and his stars,
 Give her their blessing, and the distant beams
 Of Saturn, and more near, the glowing Mars,
 Break on her bosom in celestial dreams !
 Her sorrowing shades the placid moon redeems,
 And veils with radiant fantasies her night ;
 The sun in his auroral splendor seems
 Flam'd from the throne of God's imperial light,
 And makes her heavenly way imperishably bright.

Her woods are rapt with intellectual life,
 E'en now their eloquent voices answer me ;
 I read her tomes, her mortal page is rife
 With earnest of the glory yet to be !
 Her floods breathe music,—river, bounding sea,
 Streamlets, born of the hills, to me reveal
 Chords of a deep and wondrous minstrelsy,
 And her lone rocks and haunts in sweetness steal
 All bitterness from years, and blasting passions heal.

Though human wrath her tranquil scenes invades,
 And wars with scathing march her fields imbrue ;
 Though death and ruin brood upon her glades,
 Where legions tramp'd, and bled, and death-shots flew ;
 She hides the wrecks of battle with a new
 And living vesture, clothes her crimson'd plain
 With sweeter forms of beauty, and her dew
 Glistens in pearl-like freshness, to redeem
 With peace and love, the place of hate's ensanguin'd reign.

By man's ennobling triumphs she is freed
From steril bondage and the nights of age ;
He crowns her hills, to deadness long decreed,
And kindly makes of wastes an earnest page :
Whate'er of hopes beyond she may presage,
To him, by all her visions, she doth rise
In holier beauty as his pilgrimage
Wends to the opening morn of other skies,
And every glowing scene around him pales and dies.

She is the mother of the living and
The dead, and we return to her as those
Who seek a rest, when the terrible wand
Of the last conquerer time's page shall close :
Yes ! in her bosom doth we find repose,
With the still congregation of the vale !
Earth shall receive what from the earth arose—
Ambition, friendship, love with its soft tale,
Cease at her kind behest, and nobler loves prevail.

And shall not she, our mother, as ourselves,
Forget the pallor of her dying bloom ?—
The wand of death emparadise her dells,
And fadeless verdure o'er her breast be strewn ?
Shall not she too be fitted to assume,
For souls redeem'd the eternal light of love ?
Nor know again the sadden'd pilgrim's shoon,
Ages or seasons, night, or storm above,
Or fearful graves below, her children to reprove !

If we are not by mortal suffering's chain,
Forever bound within our mould of clay ;
If to our being time shall yield its claim,
And we aspire to life's supernal sway ;
When the swift spirit casts its chains away,
Shall not the flowers and earth's majestic forms,
Be her's perennial, in a fadeless day,
Ting'd with the sunlight of immortal morns,
And seasons, born of light, wear but celestial charms ?

Though man is scepter'd by his godlike story,
 Refin'd by wisdom and by art reveal'd ;
 Though fires of genius mark his way of glory,
 And darken'd nature to his virtues yield ;—
 Earth has a form that many a sorrow heals,
 As woman's softer grace his musings own ;
 Her love o'er his repining spirit wields
 The charm to lull the cares he cannot shun,—
 She is the chaster light, though he the bolder sun.

She is a blush that from a summer sky
 Is caught, and fix'd in peerless beauty here ;
 And destinies that sweep as visions by,
 She rounds by all the virtues we revere !
 When hours are sweet and loth to disappear,
 Still fonder for the very joys they hold ;
 And life to life the heart's quick throbings bear
 A mutual bliss—years are not vainly told,
 Nor shall we e'er repine that earth is drear and cold.

Lo ! o'er the glade her seraph form appears,
 Her eyes are rapturous with the light of love !
 Beneath the fading summer day she wears
 A brow of brightness, cinctur'd from above !
 Around her float the plainings of the dove,
 Breathing of gentlest passion as she wends ;
 The flowers are love-lit, and the clouds that move,
 Sun-tinted where the red horizon bends,
 And love encircling peace, her thoughtful step attends.

It is the joyous hour of tryst—she woos
 The windings of lone paths, that far incline
 From the broad glare that o'er the meadow glows,
 To rocks long wed by lichens and the vine.—
 Sweet fancies play within this home of thine,
 And to her heart impart what she would know ;
 She is not lonely, nor alone, and time
 Is fleeter far, and brighter, than where flow
 The gayer throngs apace, and seeming homage owe !

The moonlight's pensive beauties now encharm,
And now the island cloudlets float no more
In sapphire beaming round the setting sun,
But coldly wrapt in leaden dulness soar ;
Fit hour for love ! when nature's voices o'er
Her silver realm re-echo, and youth's hues
Blend with the mellow radiance of the moor;
And life amid the silent place of dews,
Has o'er no darkened pathways sadly learn'd to muse !

It is not loneliness to be alone,
Where circling ways gleam brightly 'neath the moon ;
And love's enchantment makes its own sweet tone,
The joyous gush of rivulets in June !
The stars are love when hearts to love are won,
The winds have love's soft cadence as they sigh ;
And the wood's monarchs trending to the sun,
Answer to passionate breathings—to the sky
Love wings from earth, to claim her earliest home on high.

PART II.

And yet, oh Spirit ! there be those among
Thy worshippers, who weary of the thought
Profuse of sadness, though so gently sung ;
They would thy visions other hearts had wrought ;
Those yet untroubled, ere their spring had flown—
That they might know, though bounding with delight,
Thy shades of feeling, pensive visits own,
To change life's beaming picture when too bright,
And shed a holier beauty on the raptur'd sight !

For thou hast days that wilder, sorrowing things,
 Amid our stern vicissitudes, that come
 When battling life is weary, and the wings
 Of joy's sweet amplitudes have passed, and won
 The goal of cold ambition—times that come
 Sated and passionless, when feeling's spring
 Flows not with dream-like beauty, but doth run
 Wildly and troubled, with lone murmurings,
 And fretful plaints along its winding currents wing.

Our seasons pass with being's light and shade,
 The ruin moulders and the floweret dies ;
 Winter too wildly frets the cinctured glade,
 And Summer, taught to weep, her spell-work flies.—
 The foliage tints in beauty softly laid
 By blushing skies and chaste vesperian dew,
 And Spring's caresses, swiftly fly the mead ;
 Man too but shortly marks the bloom renew,
 He crumbles to the dust remembered by the few.

Joy's spell is round him here, but not to last,—
 The tomb is voiceless, and the sculptured fane
 Breathes not the hope that beautified the past,
 And fades away the glory of a name !
 The sorcery of genius and the reign
 Of his aspiring numbers, soon are o'er ;
 The laurel droops, surceases proud acclaim,
 The wing of memory falters, years restore
 The tide to what it was ere heavenly song could soar.

And oft a darker vision comes to thrall,
 And cheat our aspirations, though we deem
 Our brother man the noblest form of all,
 In every change the mightiest sufferer seem !
 We seek our youth's pure feelings, but they beam
 O'er glades of Autumn life a varying light,
 Fast fading in the distance, soon to seem
 A fitful glimmer through regression's night,
 Nor ever burst again upon the anxious sight.

The mind has mountains that we cannot climb,
 With surging torrents sourceless and unknown ;
 Vales where the flowers of calm affection twine,
 And sylvan beauties tranquilize the zone ;—
 And cavern depths where thy communings time,
 And shades we cannot picture, ocean fields
 Reckless and proud heaving, whose dark line
 Is fretted by the tempest, and reveals [steals.
 The powers that wreck when there our darker brooding

Thy haunts are the lone fountains of the mind,
 Their plaintive flow thou giv'st a deeper tone ;
 And breathest thine enchantments, as they wind
 Their troubled waters to a sea unknown ;
 Thy ways are pathless through the untrodden sky,
 Thy flights are with the elements, thy shrine
 Is lifted on the waters, and the cry
 Of tempests on the mountain path is thine—
 Now thou art stern despair, and now thou seem'st divine !

Without thee deep wrought sympathy is bliss,
 The tear may blanch not if thou art afar ;
 E'en sorrow own a sweetness, and remiss
 Be many a joy to life's lone journey dear !
 Thou giv'st the hermit heart, all passionless,
 Thy solemn pall the cemetery owns ;
 The bursts of anguish waste the mourner less
 Than thy erosive touch and wildering tones,
 Thy dark, imprisoned woe, too deep for tears or moans !

The misanthropic heritage of years,
 Mourn'd by the lone ascetic in his cell ;
 The slow wing'd moments, where no hope appears
 To light the stricken one and sweetly tell,
 Amid the clank of bondage, that his tears
 May yet in gladness tremble, wearying on
 With their unblest companionship of fears,
 Are thine !—Man seeks in his abiding wrong,
 Thy ministry in wilds, far from the tyrant throng !

He seeks to wed thee in thy desert cave,
 And own thee in his ruin, and inurn
 The wrong' among the multitude, that gave
 His heart's quick fervor only cold return ;—
 Nor doth he deem that memory e'er can brave
 The lonely hour, the lesson to forget ;
 That haunts sequestered have no power to save
 From the returning past, the vain regret,
 Where in the mart of pride hope had forever set.—

Remorseless memory ! in his sylvan home
 Commingling ever with his lone distress ;
 At morn or eve, where'er his step may roam,
 Her thronging visions on his pathway press !
 And should he find one beam of tenderness,
 On the far waste of loneliness and care ;
 Nor ask a fairer, holier spot, to bless,
 And save him from the battle of despair,—
 Lo thou, far wanderer, breath'st thy blight around him there !

O'er mountain, glade and forest, where the moor
 Stretches its barren vesture to the eye ;
 With the low wandering night-cloud closing o'er
 The red field where might's riven pageants lie,
 And sated carnage pauses to deplore
 The rage of her fierce ministrants that heap
 The dead's ensanguined charnel—with the roar
 Of madly heaving waters, as they reap
 Ruin's wild harvest, thy tireless power doth sweep !

The current of vitality is slow
 In life's sere autumn, when man's hopes are gone
 With the swift years that cross'd him—yet in woe
 He proudly lifts himself above the storm
 That stripp'd him as it doth the mountain oak,
 That leafless, branchless, lonely, braves all change,
 And bows not though the lightning deal its stroke,
 And whirlwinds fiercely smite the forest range—
 So lives he thine for years, all else alone and strange !

I tread the pathway of the dying year,
 But the winds' murmurs have no charmed play ;
 In maddened whirls they fret the placid mere,
 And howl in doleful voices to the day ;
 Clouds drop their snowy tears—the humid way
 Is cheerless to the wanderer's wearied sight ;
 And whilst athwart him phantoms seem to stray,
 The twilight deepens into sterner night,
 The world to feasts of love, no fervid hearts invite.

Moonlight within the forest ! The keen winds
 Sigh through the naked branches, as they spread
 Their winter stricken arms—the white frost blends,
 Where the crisp'd lichens and the leaves lie dead,
 Its jewell'd lustre, and the fallen leaves
 Crackle beneath the rabbit's tread—the stream
 That flowed to song, no tender music breathes,—
 Thou mourn'st with nature where sweet life did teem,
 And there her voice is thine, beneath the cold, pale beam !

The mother is beside the couch where sprung
 The voice of infant laughter, but 'tis still !
 She hath no soothing song to give among
 Her sweet endearments—ah ! another will
 Has come between her and her joy !—The sleep
 That she doth watch beneath the pallid moon,
 Came there with mortal sorrow—tis too deep
 For the awakening morn, or loves that come
 To circle fondly round and brighten all its home.

Thou wert with her in the chamber of her love,
 And midnight grief was holy—she shall press
 The alabaster brow no more, nor move
 With gushing heart to give the dear caress :
 Thou wert with her as the pageant trod the aisle,
 To lay her cherub boy in silence down ;
 And as she sought her sorrow to beguile,
 Where the wild floweret and the grass have grown,
 Beside the quiet bed of many a sleeper's home.

But she shall not always seek, nor long,
The night of gloom to shed her mournful tears ;
For other loves shall win her back and throng
Around her household altar, yet as years
Rise up between her and the hour she wept
Upon her first-born's bier, she oft shall turn
To own the memory that hath never slept,
And sigh as her pure heart doth only burn—
With those that share her smiles, the living dead inurn.

I roam where lone Missouri rolls its wave,
Far from the land familiar to the heart ;
Where many a mountain's foot its tide doth lave,
And o'er whose breast the warrior's prow doth dart :
The riven bluffs by gentle wild-flowers grac'd,
The prairie green with many a graceful swell ;
Where rank grass looms in bright sea waves, untraced,
Save by the bison, or the wolf more fell,—
The land is thine where all in wild communion dwell !

And silent memory on this eden shore,
Hath too her tear of sorrow ⁽¹⁾—here hath stood
The lordly Mandan, but his heart no more
Shall heave responsive to the restless flood !
No more upon the wild deer's track he speeds
His rapid chase, or meets with spear and bow
His brother of the desert—his proud deeds
Have ceased to make his children's bosoms glow,
Or wake ambition's fires against his tribal foe.—

For with his council and his wigwam fire,
His prowess and his deeds have perished—*none*
Of all his band is left to mourn a sire,
And the gaunt wolf now lords it o'er his home !
The stranger came, and many a baleful breath
With him companioned—by the silent shore
In stern despair the bravest bowed to death ;
Their journey to the spirit land is o'er,
And christian mercy now can blast their plains no more.

Sad was the spot where Mahtotohpa gave
His eagle spirit to the ruthless scourge !
The last to die beside his household's grave,
His fate unmourn'd, the midnight wind his dirge !
The powerful and brave has fallen—he
Of the strong hand and stronger heart, has bow'd
Where once in warrior might he led the free,
Or nobly stood the monarch of the proud,
And told a chieftain's deeds to many a listening crowd.

And man's adventurous spirit, from the homes
Of art and learning, soon shall come to reign ;
And idly jeer a warrior's whitened bones,
As the quick ploughshare rives the virgin plain :
But he and all his monuments shall pass,
As pass'd the red man's memories, and here
Above him too, shall wave the springing grass,—
He shall know hate, and sorrow, and despair,
And other conquerors throng and all his triumphs wear.

No tear hath e'er bedewed the warrior's grave,
Or ill-starr'd pity mourn'd his riven might ;
Yet he can rest, the sorrowful and brave,
Though all unblest by sepulture and rite !
The pale man's vengeance pall'd his spirit here,
And far exploring avarice hath given
His brethren to debasement—few may dare
To pity—power shall not reach his heaven,
Nor the mysterious scourge, that o'er his home was driven.

Yes, he shall rest as well as wreathed fame,
Enshrined within a proud one's garniture !
His spirit mourn not that he bath no name,
Still to be sung upon Missouri's shore :
The winds of summer and the driving storm
Shall canonize his dust, and heaven will bear
Her judgments to the oppressor—the bold form
May pass to blear oblivion, but the prayer,
The deed, the wrong, shall live—the meed forever share !

'Mid the proud bearing of the ancestral hall,
I heard the festal numbers, there were smiles,
And bright attending sympathies, and all
The gay adornment that the heart beguiles:
And one was there whom pastime seemed to pall,
Who mark'd the revel with a listless stare;
His cup of fragrant pleasures turn'd to gall,
And as they jeer'd his melancholy air,
And mock'd his silent grief, he own'd thy spell-work there !

He seem'd a monitor too cold to dwell
Where festive notes gave rapture to the throng ;
The assembly's solitaire, that felt no spell
When breathed around the witchery of song :
"Not of, though with them," passed his hours along,
He courted gloom where every heart was free ;
As though he did not to the crowd belong,
The lovely call'd him hermit in their glee,
Alas ! they knew not what had bound his heart to thee !

His was a grief too lofty for a tear,
Too proud for plaint, or pity, or disdain ;
That ask'd no throb of sympathy, whate'er
Might rend his bosom with the shaft of pain.
A quiet sorrow lingered in the fane
Of his young heart, and fix'd an empire there ;
For him the muse of pleasure sang in vain,
No sounds were welcome to the mood of care,
That gloom could not inspire, or misery ask to share.

The gleams of memory sought again the pile,
My wandering footsteps paus'd where it had stood ;
But mouldering ruin had been there the while,
And many a sorrow o'er it seem'd to brood ;
Sad ivy twin'd its towers, in his dark coil
The serpent slept where shone the revel's glare ;
As wildness frown'd through every lone defile,
Methought I saw the long lost child of care—
The plaintive night-breeze came, again I found thee there !

PART III.

Time with inexorable will destroys
 His children, and the ceaseless holocaust,
 His fierce desire no lapse of ages cloys—
 In his embrace the centuries are lost ;
 The lord of nations, muniments in dust
 At his behest bestrew the arid plain ;
 The warrior's blazonry of deeds are thrust
 Into oblivion's darkness, and in vain
 Man asks remembrance of his brightest meeds of fame.

I stand where Asia's sands to deserts grow,
 Whelming in depths the stately piles of art ;
 A fair and massy sepulchre below,
 Traced by the peering column—thou dost start
 To hear man's voice, or mark his footsteps there,
 So long beneath the ruined temple's shade,
 Unnoted has the leopard made his lair ;
 The lightning through proud peristyles has play'd,
 And o'er the moss grown arch a conquerer's path has made !

The glorious sunlight lights the riven dome,
 But not of Time, his shades are o'er the plain ;
 From its calm peerage he has sternly thrown
 The palace to the sands—no sweet refrain,
 Or martial note, or measured tread, shall break
 The spell of silence—the lone tombs of pride
 Shall know no glory, nor ambition make
 Sepulchral wastes its dwelling—side by side,
 For ever gloom and death shall own an empire wide !

The storm-light of the desert glares around,
 No more to day comes forth the springing green ;
 And stealthy steps imprint the hollow ground,
 Where beam'd the love of Chosroes and Shirene :⁽²⁾
 Vassal and pomp are seen not—Rome trod o'er
 The paradise of kings—the Saracen,
 The Turk, and lastly Time, on Tigre's shore
 Have turn'd to waste the thronged marts of men,—
 The monarch, palace, pageant, who remembers them !

Where Isis towers and Luxor sadly frowns,
There's no renewing bloom, resistless winds
Heap high the eddying drifts to hollow sounds,
And Memphis in enduring thraldom binds :
No hand shall stay the desert, Egypt's plain
Shall perish, and her teeming vales return
No bending harvest to the vernal rain ;
But sweeping Lybia on her breast shall burn,
Sahara's steril tomb her monuments inurn. ⁽³⁾

And Thebes how fallen now ! Her storied gates
Resistless all ! Where sweeps the Nile's swift wave,
Relentless sands embattling, she awaits
Her final sepulture and gathering grave :—
For Lybia there her wide dominion brings,
More powerful than Severus to entomb,
And vaster than the sculptured place of kings,
That pierces far the mountain's inmost womb,—
Her moral breathes from out a sterner, wilder gloom.

The city rose where wandering paths were trac'd,
Rob'd by the Graces she came forth a queen ;
Man in his virtue took her from the waste,
Man in his wrath turn'd her to waste again ;
He conquered whilst his passions were aflame,
But he became relentless 'mid the glare
Of his wild conquests, and his conquerors came ;
All that he worshipp'd perished—all that were
Of his, swept through the rapid tideway of despair.

And here, where ruin peers, the lover woo'd,
And won his bride—brave men and beauteous maids
Trod proudly through the vestibules—here stood
In stern command, within the pillar'd shades,
Imperious monarchs, whose ensanguin'd blades
Defied the Gods—and here remorseless war,
Sedition's rage, inexpiable deeds,
And conquering crime, made her the servitor
Of baseness—she became the handmaid of the boor.

And now she is a lone, deserted one,
The tears of Niobe are hers, for she
Has lost her children—fate they could not shun,
Or from the shafts of stern Latona flee.—
Wrapt in her griefs, she owns the dark decree,
And bows where Amphion left his bloody stains ;
Requiting Gods from thraldom do not free,
No tides of life swell through her pulseless veins,
Where she was turn'd to stone in gloom she still remains.

She was the city of a thousand years
Ere Homer harp'd his wars, yet on her plain,
Crumbling, the riven monument appears,
To mourn her glory ne'er returns again :
Her front of graven epics vainly tells
How long she conquered—lonely musings bound
The storied place—where deep ranks gathered, swells,
Of fallen architraves the saddening mound,
And many a worshipp'd pile bestrews the silent ground.

She dreams no dream of greatness now, doth mourn
No dim remember'd past—dominion, hope,
And conquest's ardor, long have ceas'd to burn,
Where ruthless Cambyses her warriors smote:
Her horsemen, columus, gates, together lie,
And moulder into elemental clay ;
Yet who shall tread her grave without a sigh,
Nor wish to breathe her being into day—
Upon her fields revive great Carnac's bold array !

What recks it that Sesostris dar'd to thrall
His fellow kings, and haughty Cheops rais'd
The everlasting pyramid ! the pall
Of night now hangs where distant glories blaz'd !
How shall fame last when all her monuments
Are in the dust ?—The same blue bending sky,
Serenely smiles through time's despairing rents,
And lengthened colonnades the storm defy,—
But there's no sceptre now, or kingly footfall nigh.

Dendera, Djizeh, silently await
 The patient tread of ruin, that essays
 To trample in the common dust of fate,
 The temples and the piles of their past days :
 Memnon forgets to hymn the opening dawn,
 And thou, Oh Spirit, soon shalt cease to dwell
 Beside the column ! All shall yet be strewn,
 And buried where they crumbled long, and fell,—
 On wastes that own no past, thy mourning voice shall swell !

And Babylon, the beautiful, is lost,
 That deem'd none were beside her on the plain ;
 The Mede, the Persian, flame and storm have cross'd
 The wall that long defied a conquerer's name :
 And now she is “a widow on the ground,”
 The Chaldee's daughter has no jewell'd throne ;
 Her palace has become a grassy mound,
 Where pageants swept, the sorrowing weed has grown,
 And o'er her buried towers, oblivion's pall is thrown.

The glorious habitation of the god
 Forever gone, no worshippers are there ;
 The rank grass waves where bent his awful nod,
 And fiercely drives the sun's meridian glare ;
 On Shinar's plain I hear the prophet's lyre,
 An echo of the past—“No shepherd there
 Shall make his fold, or 'neath his tent retire
 The Arab wanderer—the lion's lair,⁽⁴⁾
 And satyr's mocking dance shall tell her wide despair.”

Of what shall now her drifting desert boast ?
 Her once strong towers, her kings' colossal pride ?
 Behold her walls return'd to perish'd dust,
 Her deeds forgotten, and her empire wide !
 Belus remains, the palace looms in view,
 And vain Belshazzar lives, but not where roll'd
 Euphrates her sad waters—history drew
 The moral of debasement, 'neath the mould,
 Her torch lights up the tomb of greatness long grown cold.

The river wanders like a pilgrim king,
 Laving but sands where proudly heaved its tide ;
 While to its banks the osier willows cling,
 Where hung the harp and zion mourn'd beside ;
 And there Athel breathes upon the wild
 Thy melancholy music⁽⁶⁾—low she bends
 Her waving tress and bows like sorrow's child,
 Mourning the gloom around her—morning wends
 No joy, no season there the low, sweet cadence ends.

What though the fanes on which ambition write
 The tyrant's rule or prowess of the mind ;
 Fail not to leave in time and storm's despite,
 The record of a distant past behind !
 What winds, and flood, and fire cannot efface,
 Shall live beyond the memory⁽⁷⁾ and stand forth,
 Unmeaning to the eye that fain would trace
 The cloud-clad years that gave the age its worth,
 And deeds that conquerors deem'd were not of mortal birth.

The scroll shall fail to tell what once it told,
 The Parian cease to speak, and in lone tombs,
 And on the broad entablature enroll'd,
 Past lore lies dead, no long lost age illumines :
 And none may read when first the palace rose,
 Or whose the hand the capital hath wrought ;
 Whose glory the enduring walls enclose,
 Or when the time eternal science taught
 Upon the virgin frieze to grave a nation's thought.

As the unnoted leaf by autumn torn,
 Whose greenness once made glad the walks of earth ;
 Away from human reach swift years have borne
 The perishable secret of their birth ;
 They leave the ruin an enigma, fane,
 Tower, palace, garden, vestibule and dome,
 Leave not a trace upon the wasted plain,
 And voice to tell their glory there is none,
 So long has slumbered there the fame man's prowess won.

And yet the sculptur'd marbles live in death—
While history speaks not they are eloquent;
And torn remains preserve a vital breath,
They have a voice through each corroding rent :
Mute pleaders need no living tongue where bent
A people's pride—the musing pilgrims read
The sorrowing tale around them—from the tent
Upon prevailing sands, that idly heed
A nation's wo, to all that has been thought can lead.

And thou hast seen the eye of Greece grow dim,⁽⁸⁾
Her fanes despoiled, Olympus only seem,
And the bright Parthenon, what once they've been,
Lights that through long historic darkness gleam !
Stern Marathon returns as in a dream,
And Salamis and great Plataea give
To the degenerate Greek no kindling beam :—
Oh that the days of Pericles might live,
And o'er Ægina's hill reviving splendors breathe !

Upon the templed rock the Turk admired,
Where worshipp'd Art, Praxiteles enshrined ;
When long her great, excelling days were fir'd,
With all the towering masterdom of mind !
Around her long man's scorching hate has burst,
And dash'd the whelming waves of war's stern years ;
Yet, though debased, by nations deem'd accurst,
And ruin through the Propylæa peers,
Minerva, Theseus still enduring thought uprears !

I tread within the portico and gaze
Upon the lengthened lines of Doric pride ;
A worshipper of still surviving rays,
That years of thraldom cannot yet all hide !
The glorious column and the frieze survive,
As in autumnal beauty, but the soul
That kindled once to see the marble live,
Shall never more the Phidean art control,
His fame is dimly trac'd upon the faded scroll.

Yet shall Athenæ live—oh, Spirit, thou
 Shalt yet resign thy empire of the hill !
 Her fanes restored shall hear a holier vow,
 Than warrior vengeance link'd with daring will ! ⁽⁹⁾
 God yet shall be the God of Greece, and dwell
 Within the lone Acropolis, there men
 Departed glory shall forget to tell,
 Nor tears bedew the marble's cold remain,
 That Hadrian virtues died and science ceas'd to reign.

The echoing tread of many a conquering rank,
 Has died upon her shore and trampled out
 The life blood of her freedom—low she sank
 To the wild ringing of the victor's shout :
 Yet shall the halo of her fading light,
 Be the dim herald of diviner rays ;
 Her arm yet rend the veil of moral night,
 Her worship rise through morns of happier days,
 The *Unknown God* be known, his altars glow with praise.

Amid the primal forest time doth wrest
 Wild nature's sceptre, to aspiring man
 Resigns it, and upon the earth's green breast
 The city towers !—Where prey'd the wolf, or ran
 The timid antelope, throng many feet ;
 Magnificence, ambition, luxury, pride,
 Run there their race—palace and tower and street
 With sin are peopled—Time again his tide [guide
 Rolls o'er them, man's weak empire dies, and thou dost

My footsteps where the lake's cold waves entomb
 The city's fair proportions ⁽¹⁰⁾—on the shore
 The fisher stalks and through the watery womb,
 The slimy monsters sunken domes explore !
 Again the magian wand has swept the wave
 From its frail keep, and hill and valley spread
 Their verdant bloom above the city's grave ;
 The forest aisle is there, the wild one's tread, [dead !
 And thou and nature reign where sleep the moulder'd

I stand upon the shore as ocean's realm
Is govern'd by the tempest—darkness broods
Upon the troubled waters and the whelm
Careers in madness in a thousand floods !
The lightning sweeps the distance, and like moods
Of fitful feeling varies the wild scene ;
As a disdainful steed the dark surge braves
The steep, and fiercely flings afar its mane,
Aspiring to be free, yet upward breasts in vain !

And man is there the plaything of the storm,
Trembling and cowering where he boasts to reign ;
For vain his daring, when the iron arm
Of wrath shall lift on high the darkened main !
And there, in sternest grandeur, on that plain
Upheaving to the heavens, he feels thy spell,
Forgets the visions of ambition's dream,
And asks for mercy on the topmost swell,
Ere he go down the deep his fate no tongue to tell !

Waves, sands, shells, pebbles, rocks—the glittering beach,
The surging wind, the vessel's speeding sail ;
Retain one image in the heaving reach
Of restless waters, or the rushing gale ;
Albeit we in despair, or joy, need here
But pause, and find the varied world within,
As 'tis around us, day and night to share,
Wreck'd hope and fitful passion—we may win
All moods and own them, 'mid life's ever changing din.

Let us not murmur though the tempest rave,
Severer thought with living force shall reign,
To triumph o'er the elements, and save
The mind from bondage, or a hopeless aim ;
It hath a springtide of deep love, to claim
From mournful sounds a sweetness—it can gaze
Beyond the gather'd cloud and sodden plain,
To where the sun-light dies not, and its rays
Heroic patience bless through all the waiting days.

Now while I watch the inner world is joy,
Upon the charmed waters day-springs beam !
In measures sweet and wild, that cannot cloy,
Comes from the wave a plenitude serene !
The very tempest, should it gather here,
To scourge the sea, and fiery lightnings stream,
Will wear delightful terror, to my ear
Its nearing peals sublimer strains shall seem,
And lift the buoyant soul above its awful mien !

Who but with buoyant heart with thee would brave
Ocean's familiar bosom, though the storm
Shall heave afar the palpitating wave,
And circling perils from her womb be born !
She, the stern mother of so many woes,
Enshrouding man within her hapless night ;
Schools him to trust amid her wildest throes,
And breathe with her the freedom of delight,
Where'er her surges sweep upon his daring flight !

Where lone savannas stretch their quiet green,
E'en to the ocean's breast, again I wend ;
The earth is still beneath the moon's full beam,
And softly comes with evening dews to blend :
But the proud breaker and the surge doth send,
With their white foam the music of the deep ;
And these, that oft all vain ambition end,
And ruthlessly o'er human daring sweep,
At my feet now in strange but soothing numbers leap.

Here soft breath'd nights, impearl'd in beauty, shed
Sideral splendor on the shelving deep ;
A boundless mirror with its thunders dread,
Lull'd into staidness in its stormy keep ;—
Forever onward yet unwearyed
With its proud heaving and far reaching swell,
Mighty in slumber!—by thee I am led,
Thou blest Invisible, with thy wild spell,
O'er the white rolling hill, through each unfathom'd dell !

Thou art the conqueror here, Oh Spirit, thou !
 Thy voice the sea's wild numbers doth encharm !
 Upon the silvery sands to thee I bow,
 And own thy spell as in the rushing storm !
 Fain would I sweep with thee these watery dells,
 And mount the billow on the rolling main ;
 The elements afar are hushed, nor swells
 The piercing wail where man's behest was vain, [flame !
 And his strong hopes were bow'd beneath the lightning's

Had man ne'er fallen could'st thou ever give
 A sorrow to his wanderings ?—Nature owns
 Within herself no power to bereave
 The heart of all its young and joyous tones !
 Those rapt inspirers of a thousand tomes,
 Congenial ways and sunny rifted meads,
 All that assume to teach, the brooks, or stones,
 Are holy ministrants—so should our deeds,
 To fit us for their commune, be what virtue pleads.

Give to the desert barrenness, to wilds
 Stern featur'd gloom, to forest depths their shade,
 To yews their lone green waving, and the piles
 That tell how sure the *Gatherer* deals his blade ;
 But let not brooding mortal such invade,
 Soliloquising gloom—each, all have charms ;
 Life's hours are dimm'd by deeds that wrong essay'd,
 Not what is rife in nature—the alarms [arms.
 That haunt her walks are own'd when guilt the heart dis-

The wandering fay is but the coward thought,
 The omen and the token are but dreams
 Rife with a fitful multitude, begot
 By weak and dullard fancy. When the gleams
 Of heaven refined endowment light the spot,
 And make all pathways visionless, each grove,
 And far sequestered dell, and lonely grot,
 And shade perennial, where the tones of love
 Ne'er plead for beauty's smile, the willing footsteps rove.

Vain teaching that doth seek among the crowd
 To soften erring nature!—Man from man,
 Where the heart's homage to its pride has bow'd,
 Learns not his weakness—he can better scan
 The mystery of his being where the plain
 Doth spread its greenness, and the mountains loom,
 And river and deep forest give again
 Thy voice to charm the spirit—Spring's first bloom, [doom.
 And Summer's prime, and Autumn's fruits, teach all our

Few hopes can bud upon the city's mart,
 Where avarice teems and siren voices blind ;
 Few are the feelings that with rapture start,
 To pierce the freezing darkness of the mind !
 Beside the streamlet there's reviving peace,
 Lessons are in the rocks, lone vales invoke
 A rest to mortal sorrow, passions cease
 On the green turf beneath the waving oak,
 The soul a sabbath owns that felt the world's dread stroke.

But let me claim thy dear delights to charm
 The fond regressions of a brighter mood !
 And hear the sounds of sweet affection borne
 On the swift currents of vicissitude :
 With thy Protean power thou hast enshrin'd
 Blest dreams in quietudes unknown to grief ;
 And thou hast sun-lit slopes, where passions find
 A soothing silence and a calm relief,
 Where pain forgets to throb, and all but peace is brief !

And here the iron bonds of grief may burst,
 Whose links have vex'd the soul, or melt away
 Amid the solemn quietudes, that nurs'd,
 In nature's primal years, eternal May !
 I love thee here, for I can hold with thee
 A high communion, feeling I am part
 Of being's vast immensity, and free
 To heal the waking memories of the heart,
 By upward teaching thought and faith's sublimer art !

Here too with thee I would go forth, when life
Shall close her years—around thy Summer green,
And sweet low winds, and waters, and all rife
With peace and love the slowly fading scene!
For oft when one great sorrow comes to reign,
We love thy voice, and from the reckless throng
We turn aside to calm the throbbing brain,
And hear the spiritual murmurs of thy song,
And woo the brighter forms that to thy realms belong!

So should the greater sorrow have thee nigh,—
If, when the heart becomes a voiceless tomb,
And life's loves there lie buried, we may sigh
For aught of thine, be it of sooth or gloom,
May we not own thee when all else is gone
Of earth that claim'd our worship, and we burn
With holier rapture, being yet unknown,
Born of another life! Shall we not return
And ask to rest with thee, as life's fires cease to burn!

AUTUMN.

I hear thee in the woodland, Autumn wind,
Yet kindly hast thou spoken! I go forth
Where thou dost wander o'er the blighted hill,
Led by the saddest spirit of the year!
The death of Summer every valley mourns,
For she had deck'd them with a lavish hand;
And droop where briefly smil'd her cherish'd flowers,
On lawns of fairest promise and sweet hope,
And on the mead the grave of nature lies.—
As the swift shadow o'er the desert rock,
Passeth a season's joys, and in the change
From green to sere where earth's pure children bloom,
And pass from life, the moral let me claim!

I hear thee, oh I hear thee,—thou dost come
The harbinger of death!—Not rudely yet,
But gently dropping the red leaf and fruit,
And stealing o'er the hill-top to embrown
Beneath night's reign the glory of the year!
Soon shall be gathered by the mountain's foot,
Along the vale, and in the dark ravine,
By the upstirring wind, the wither'd leaves;
And there shall speed the tempest, searching far
The forest's deep repose, and bending down
The tall tops of her oaks. Sere vales shall spread
Upon the misty sight like arctic wilds;
Tumultuous passion heave the elements,
And give to earth the mantle of the dead!

And thus shall come, oh man, thy closing day!
The soul that looks behind and sadly sees
The bourn that mark'd the Summer of its years,

Ambition past, the pulse of passion slow,
 The white lock thinning on the furrow'd brow,
 May now commune with nature—in her blight
 Read but a human destiny, nor ask
 When death-winds sweep the realms of verdure wide,
 Why earth claims mortals to her womb again !
 Sweet flowers that have not sinn'd and waving green,
 Pass on to death ! So shalt thou pass. As they
 Upon Spring's verdant bosom rise, to bloom
 And wear Aspasian graces, so shalt thou,
 Far from the field of graves, where mouldering lie
 The ruins of this earthly shrine, renew
 In blissful peace the springtide of thy soul !

Canst thou look now on nature and feel not
 Her voice around thy heart, as here she hymns
 From echoing glen, from mountain cold and gray,
 And streams, eternal music to her God !
 The chaster feelings that imbue the soul,
 And give it peace, spring from her bounteous lap.
 Let one page in life's varied history be
 Of her pure teachings.—When thy Winter comes,
 And thou dost trace the record of the past,
 Thou shalt recite it over in thy heart,
 With the sweet breathings of complacent love.
 And here amid the realms of solitude,
 Tread back the fitful seasons of thy life !
 Here climb the mountains of thy mind, and see
 The glorious sunlight of its years depart ;
 Search its deep vales where calm affections twine,
 Its cavern depths where dark communings dwell ;
 Its secret stream trace to its ocean field,
 And mark the reckless heaving of its waves,
 When passion rides upon its troubled breast.

With mind's far searching power thou canst look
 Into the truths around thee. Stern Rome gave
 To all her solitudes a mystic life,
 Heroes and shades, and sylvan deities ;
 Fountains, streams, floods, offspring of vain conceit,

Ask'd worship. Thou art better taught. For thee
Diffusive truths in living forms are spread,
In many a scene of gorgeousness or gloom ;—
Mountains around whose brow the storm doth wrap
His cold white mantle—hills of quiet bloom,
And valleys where the breathings of sweet peace
Give them celestial purity.—The groves
Blossom in love—thy lifted spirit feels,
Whilst gazing on each fair embodiment,
The sense of Deity beyond them all !

To dust, must dust return ! So shalt thou read,
Tho' chaste repentance hath not bow'd thy heart,
Nor meekness brought her offering to its shrine.
As the wind bringeth freshness and sweet showers,
In Spring's young days and Summer's ripening noon,
And in the Autumn's melancholy reign,
Scatters the ruins of her sisterhood,
To find lone resting far from native bowers,
Thine own allotment changeth. Fortune drives
The vessel of thy hopes o'er many seas ;
And when the season of time's falling leaf,
Bows thee to dust and sorrow—in far climes,
In ocean caves, upon her lonely shore,
Or in the shades of stranger solitudes,
Thy clay may lie uncoffin'd and unknown ;
And the tears o'er thee be the gentle dews,
Or the cloud's fertile rain, to wet thy sod
And mantle thee with lonely waving green.
Where all is sere let not vain thoughts aspire,
Nor cold ambition steel thy spirit here !
The leaf unmourn'd and unremember'd lies,
Who shall remember thee ! A myriad heap
Blown from the forest sepulchre the plain ;
One is not noted ! And when thou art torn
From thy frail hold upon the multitude,
Few hearts for thee can turn aside to mourn—
Oblivion must be thine !

Thou shalt survive
The hopes thy spirit vainly loves, yet leaves

To perish with the past. They are of earth,
And cannot pass beyond. Should they forget,
Who owe thee sympathies, to mourn for thee,
Nor care to write thee on a nation's page,
Yet shalt thou rest in peace. Heav'n may be thine,
Tho' man forget thee. Ask him not for fame,
Nor live to wish his homage shall inscribe,
Thy glory where the Parian casts its shade !

Let us sin not, that when our lingering days
Wend to the setting sun, no shades shall come
From the forgotten past. Remember thou,
It is a fearful thing for thee to die—
Fearful to live—for life is in thy hands,
And death ! The star-read sages of the world,
And they that science love, may teach thee lore ;
And nature tell thee thou hast seasons here,
Sorrow and hope ! But nature teacheth not,
Nor science, where the soul's far distance looms
Beyond the lone horizon of its time.
Nature owns nothing brighter than herself,
In her sere valleys—sadly she looks forth
Upon her own dim characters. The power
That doth the soul refine for higher joys,
Comes with another and a purer birth.

Learn thou to mourn whose spirit is elate,
Wild as the wind and daring as the storm !
Tears are the jewels of the soul, that fall
For life's misdeeds. Beneath them there shall grow
Germs of a faith blessed and pure as buds
That rise above the dull earth, when the year
Giveth its vernal rain. Joy shall not fade,
But in the nurtur'd garden of the soul,
Through all its varied changes, sun and shade,
Here in the bud, and where Autumnal blight
Comes not, nor Winter's tempests, it shall bloom
Beneath the smiles of an eternal sun !

Have the leaves droppe'd by disappointment's frosts,
Gather'd around the fountains of thy heart ?

Or dost thou mourn that pleasures for thee live
Only in seasons—germ, flower, and die,
How bright soe'er the garden of thy hope ?
Instruction is before thee—school thyself !
Thou dost not see the timid violet,
The fair upspringing emblem of young love,
And first sweet child of Spring, o'er whom she breath'd
Her odorous winds so gently. The meek rose,
Queen of the bright parterre and sunny lawn,
And the pale lily, bloom not round thy way.—
The restless swallow does not skim the mead
Upon her tireless wing.—Thou dost not hear
The early hymn of the upsoaring lark,
That plumes her wing far in ethereal depths,
And seeks no covert in the wild wood's shade,
But loves the field, where day's free light comes down
To bless the scene—nor the sweet thrush, whose notes
Made thy lone wanderings happy. With the voice
Of Summer they have pass'd away, and gloom
Companions with the lovely of the earth.—
If nature hath her sorrows, shalt thou rest
Secure in thy enjoyments ?—Now behold !
The lord of day his far receding fires,
Pales in the distant west, and as night's pall
Drops o'er deserted vales, another sphere
Rejoices in its morn. Mourn not the change
That shrouds in night the pageantry of life ;
The sun that sets upon thy human hopes,
May dawn in brightness on thy faith in God !
Let not thy soul still prize her guilty chains,
Nor spurn her glorious freedom like the slave
Of a base appetite, but spring forth
To meet it as a joyous messenger,
That brings her days treasures of light and love !

The spirit of a bright divinity
Is all around thee—think how short its reign !
A little longer shall it give thee light,
A little longer wait to bless thy way !
Pause now—the whirl of life is moving slow,

And the lone river of thy years is calm,
Bereft of eddying passions. Calmly thou
Canst almost view the misty veil that bounds
The silent ocean of eternity.
Thou dost think oft of yew trees and the grave,
Their solemn silence and their warning shade,
Were to thine eye sepulchral verdure waves !
And in thy waking from lethargic dreams
Thou read'st their solemn bode ment. Thou hast run
Through fair rejoicing Spring and press'd the path
Of rich, voluptuous Summer,—where the fruits
Thou now dost offer ? Did the blossom die—
Where the frail germ, and the sweet opening bud,
That promised goodly fruit, by passions torn ?
Or does it cluster round thee rich and fair,
To glad thy heart with everlasting peace ?

Oh child of earth, thy face is towards the heav'ns,
So be thy aspirations ! Fruits perish,
Leaves rot upon the waste—the oak's lithe limbs,
That bore aloft their sylvan canopy,
And reck'd no storm, are trampled into dust ;
But not so THOU !—Change shall pass over thee,
Seasons on earth, beatitudes beyond—
But thou canst never die ! When thou dost walk
Amid the wrecks thy sober footsteps stir,
Remember thine own change ! The leaf may fall
Not vainly, nor shalt thou. When to thee comes
Upon thy distant pathway, dim as yet,
And in the future clouded, the stern voice
That bids thee cease thy journey and go down,
Pale as the flower, to earth's lap again,
May then thy hope be strong, and suffer well
Thy faith. Nor may'st thou find that nature's scenes
Gave thee no voice of blessing, but that there
The universal love empower'd to save,
Was felt for thee, and written on her page !

NOW.

Through changing scenes unwearied Time,
His ceaseless journey bears ;
And swiftly hours that round us shine,
On memory's waste appears.—
Whate'er may come, a holy light,
An anguish, or a stern affright ;
'Twixt Past and Future midway stands,
A kingdom that our will commands :
Here rest our hopes, here dates our doom,
Here we the onward path illume,
And make the distance ours ;
And as we brave seductive wrong,
Or yield to all that round us throng,
The vista smiles or lowers.

It comes a warning sentinel,
But once within life's light ;
Pausing to note if all is well,
Ere fleeting into night.—
Benignant hope beside it stands,
And mercy with appealing hands ;
Whilst pallid forms that once enshrin'd,
Dreams of a self deceiving mind ;
That mourn the murdered moments fled,
Forever gone, forever dead,
To win them all too late ;
Reft of the merriments of time,
Speak sadly from a shadowy clime,
The anguish'd voice of fate.

Our fitful dreams may come and go,
Like waves upon the shore ;

And dark contagion sweep below,
 'Till pilgrim days are o'er :
 But thou art given, eternal *Now*,
 To conquer all, to make all bow ;
 As fearfully the ceaseless strife,
 Presses upon the path of life.—
 We have no earnest that our day,
 Wasted in pleasure's idle May,
 Unblasted fruits shall give ;
 No promise that a later age,
 Shall own the virtue of the sage,
 And teach the soul to live.

Before me on my boundless way,
 A voiceless future bends !
 I cannot pierce it from to-day,
 No light its vastness rends :
 But I can watch the opening cloud,
 By wisdom sent the path to shroud ;
 And calmly arm my soul to bide,
 Whate'er may rule its troubled tide.
 I too can see the journey's close,
 The veil that drops o'er human woes,
 A sorrow, and a grave ;
 And where the earth's cold verdure springs,
 I mark faith's sweet aspirings,
 A mercy that can save.

Only with thee can Hope abide,
 What hath she in the past !
 And Truth rejoices by thy side,
 When pray'r is heavenward cast.—
 All we recall is of the dead,
 Tones that inspired, or succored, fled ;
 The monument, the silent mound,
 O'ershadow far life's travell'd ground.—
 Love, treasured in the heart's deep cell,
 Ambition's voice, and youth's wild spell,
 May come but once to reign ;

And though we mourn their waning power,
 And oft recall their worshipp'd hour,
 They speak no life again.

Rest ! oh fabled, viewless fane,
 Frail vision of the air !
 A shifting mirage of the brain,
 Hope the lone dweller there !
 Wild grasp of an elusive dream,
 Through life long clouds of sorrow seen ;
 Vain toil amid a desert sand,
 For future peace and flowery land ;
 When crowding on the thoughts that glow,
 We own realities of woe,
 That shock the restless sight !
 In vain we ask, in vain we bow,
 It wings away—not here—not now,
 It charms the wistful night !

Crisis of fate!—forget we not,
 Thy dayspring lights our way ;
 As vulture passions here allot
 The heart a living prey !
 What tho' in clouds the distance seems,
 Reaching beyond our wildest dreams ?
 Soon o'er its wastes our way we win,
 Its sweeping vales, its mountains dim ;
 We idly gaze at bliss afar,
 And look not for thy beaming star,
 See not thy light around ;
 And as we spurn salvation's day,
 The perish'd moments pass away,
 Faith's wrecks bestrew the ground !

Fain would we skip thy fleeting hours,
 To reach expectant joy ;
 As though before us budded flowers,
 Whose smiles could never cloy :—

While at our side an angel pleads,
And points around to brighter meads ;
A surer hope blooms o'er the scene,
Beneath us sweeter odors teem ;
And all the rapt enchantments die,
The rose upon th'expectant eye,
 And sunned the distance o'er ;
The fruitless hours we hop'd to grasp,
Gleam mockingly from out the past,
 Imag'd in light no more.

Ah, what were stern philosophy,
With her supernal mind ;
When Death in his suprem'er sway,
 The trembling soul shall bind !
What strength, or boasted fortitude,
That met unbent the tempest rude ;
And boldly stayed the tides of grief,
In nurtur'd coldness found relief,
But yet shall own that mortal will,
Cannot the heart's dread bodements still,
 When life's last sorrow reigns ;
Or find a plenitude serene,
As pride and passion fail to win,
 And earth's swift glory wanes !

THE TOWER CLOCK.

Thy glad voice o'er the lonely vales
 Rings out the evening hour;
And once again the wanderer hails
 Turret, and steep, and tower.
My footsteps long have weary been,
Of distant vales and mountains dim,
 And stranger waters flow;
I feel, as thy remembered sound
From hill to hill doth sweetly bound,
 The weary spirit glow!

I've wandered far and long from where
 Thy chimes so oft are heard;
From parent's love, and parent's pray'r,
 The sweet, familiar word!
Ambition may the spirit fire,
And lead it vainly to aspire,
 Where distant perils throng;
But to the field, the tent, the deep,
In stirring day or midnight sleep,
 Cometh the voice of home.

Thy voice!—the same in calm or storm,
 In every season's range;
That tells another hour is born,
 Time has another change!
It seems to mourn for moments flown,
Their power to bless or succor gone,
 Never to come again!
And as we mock them on they press,
Making the sands of life still less,
 The earthly hope more vain.

Dear old familiar ! rapt delights
 Have knit my heart to thee—
 When boyhood's days, and boyhood's nights
 Glow'd as the summer lea !
 And ever as my footsteps turn'd,
 Where morning smil'd, or noonday burn'd,
 Upon the earth's green breast ;
 Thy tones made pastime sweeter seem,
 Upon each dear remember'd scene,
 A spot for love to rest.

Stern woes have throng'd the secret cell
 Of my aspiring mind ;
 And childhood's visions breath'd a spell
 To make the heart more kind.
 But all that came from out the past,
 How long soe'er the power could last,
 And bright it seemed to be ;
 Was link'd with memory of thy tone,
 To every bower familiar grown,
 With love of home and thee !

Since first to greet the morning beam,
 Thy peal rang sweet and clear ;
 How many on life's troubled stream,
 Have pass'd to find a bier !
 Days, seasons, years, have been to thee,
 Kindlier than where the forest tree
 Threw out its sheltering shade ;
 For there the lightning's arm hath torn,
 And wildly from its green home borne,
 The form in strength array'd.

Faithful art thou, Time's sentinel,
 Within thy lofty keep !
 Faithful for more than I can tell,
 By day or midnight deep !
 Man may forget his home, his love,
 His faith, and all that lifts above
 Life's transitory power ;

But thou art ever still the same,
True to thy trust—a prouder fame
Than gilds the worldling's hour!

Where trills the gentle waters flow,
I sit me down beside ;
And as I hear them swiftly go
To meet the ocean tide—
I gaze upon the tower grown gray,
Beneath the storm and lightning's play,
And time's unblenching hand ;
I wait to hear thy voice again,
Welcome return—the wanderer claim
To his beloved land.

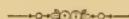
Again that note!—but where the hymn,
That comes at vesper time ?
The hall once bright seems lone and dim,
And darkness veils the shrine !
Perhaps the feet that wandered there,
Voices that sung or breath'd a prayer,
Gladden another scene ;
Or as the moments thou hast told,
Have pass'd, and 'neath the green grown cold,
No more of life to dream.

I would that passion's marring hand,
Had left my heart the same,
As when I lov'd of yore to stand,
And note thy deep acclaim !
I have known sin, and sorrow's thrall,
Since last beneath yon ivied wall,
I whispered love's farewell ;
And young ambition seem'd to own,
Than love or bower a sweeter tone,
To lure me from the dell.

Sorrow!—the world's stern voice awakes
Its chord within the heart ;

When all that life's first promise makes
 So lovely must depart!
 When those we love no longer come,
 To wed us to the scenes of home,
 To speak the welcome word;
 While every spot has some dear thought,
 Yet reft of accents love besought,
 That youth so fondly heard!

Oh! vainly may the footstep stray,
 Beyond the magic line
 That circles home's enchanted sway,
 To find the power, or time,
 That hath so much of gentle sooth,
 So much to mould the heart to truth,
 And teach the faith of love;
 And when the sated spirit spurns
 What erst it worshipp'd, that returns
 Such voice the soul to move!



REFLECTIONS IN A BALL-ROOM.

"And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands."—ISAIAH.

They're gone, the fairy ones that floated here,
 The soft ton'd viol hush'd—the mellow light,
 Reflected like the beauty of the morn,
 On every cheek and angel seeming brow;
 The pure effulgence of the kindled eye,
 Gladsome beneath its lid, that faintly veil'd
 The beauty of expression—the wild thrill—
 The tender bounding pulse—the fair hands twin'd,
 Where feeling's bound and pleasure's secret spell
 Spoke in the fervid pressure—all that charm'd

The gaiety of sleepless hours, that gave the
Sweet, seductive coloring of hope,
And with a bold hand touch'd each passion's chord,
And cheated time of sorrow here, are gone—
All fleeted as the beauty of a dream !
Yet memory has a summer swelling tide,
Buoyant and playful, wafting to the heart
The pleasing worship of the little past.
The truant hours of ecstasy just fled,
Throwing sweet beams along the 'nshadowed maze,
Keep pleasure on the wing, and beauty's ear,
Listful upon the downy pillow laid,
Still drinks in fancy sounds that just have pass'd,
In thrilling tones to time the mazy play ;
And the gay spirit lives again in dreams,
Through all the play of wild and merry bounds,
So late attuned to music !

They are gone !

Their brightness and their beauty, haply too,
With wish and expectation soon again
To greet a merry festal ! They are gone !
And who would deem that her so lately shone,
Now hung in sombre drapery at night's noon,
The sunlight of the eye, and softly swell'd
The enlivening cadence of the viol's string !

Melinda ! as the forms of beauty throng'd
In graceful evolutions, and pass'd on
The rush of deep enjoyment—as each heart,
Tim'd to the merry pastime, swell'd with joy—
As this proud hall, now desolate and lone,
Was rife with beauty's image, and the bound
Of every spirit was in due accord
With pleasure's warm and self ennobling life,—
There came a spell around me, it was blent
With visionary things, and flitted past
The joyous ones unheeded, the light tones
That made the hours so buoyant, for there came,
Amid the gay and heedless that were here,

An image and a gaze, which to be met
By human form and vision doth appal,
And bend to terror e'en the skeptic brave.—
It was the *Haggard Conquerer*, come to mark
Who next should make his harvest, and be sent
To throng the far, illimitable world !
Among the dancers here methought he strode,
Unearthly all the sorrow waking eye,
And form of phantom bearing, as they trod
To measures sweet, enraptur'd in the dance,
And caught the pleasures of the fleeting hour.—
He mark'd them with an unrelenting gaze,
And in his hand, cadaverous and wan,
He held a scroll, and oft he paused to note,
Too fatal registry ! a name.—The gay,
Who knew not but in dreams, that time has griefs,
And gaily sing the roundel of their youth,
Who cull, all joy, the ever laughing flowers,
As from the bright and sunny fields of air ;
The loving and beloved, who live on smiles,
And deem the earth a fair abiding place,
Yielding their homage at first passion's shrine ;
The beautiful, that pass as summer time,
In one array of gorgeousness and light ;
The young, whose spirits are as living beams,
Chasing from life's travel every shade,
Wearing their Spring's first graces, asking not
One hour of calm serenity of thought,
To learn the course and end of pleasures's way,—
Were there inscribed and noted, and told down,
In solemn, strange and ebon characters,
Against each name the accident and power,
Destined to cheat the reveller of life.—
Yet still they fondly sported, those fair forms,
And here unheeding brush'd the hand of Death,
That noted them his victims.

Deeds die not

Melinda ! As I mark'd the Conquerer here,
The stern unreck'd familiar, in his round,

Stealing with noiseless surety, to take
The victims at their revel, as the cup
Of pleasurable life was at its full;
Methought 'twere better they had learn'd to weep,
And court the shade of sad and thoughtful ways,
Where tombs have language, and the mouldering dead,
Within their lonely city rest from life,
And teach us to prepare for nature's hour,
That closes darkly round us and shuts out
The gay and beautiful array of earth :
For 'tis a sorrowing and a bitter thing,
When present time seems loveliest, when
The current of vitality is full,
Making so beauteous the young brow and cheek ;
When strong life has a thousand images,
To yield the heart a festal and a charm ;
With passion too, voluptuous and wild,
To cheat the reason and seduce the soul
With its deep glow of ecstacy—to turn
And hear the call of DEATH !

THE CHURCHYARD DIAL.

Oh silently cometh the lonely hours,
That sweep o'er thy face from day to day ;
Varying the bloom of the tender flowers,
And changing the scene from grave to gay !
And often changeth the season's dirge,
Around thee here by the grave's cold verge ;
Now moans the tempest, now smiles the light,
Now coming to soothe, now coming to blight.—
But change to thee where the sleepers rot,
Beneath the dull shades, thou heedest not ;
Thou art Death's monitor, here to tell,
With solitude's muse and muffled bell,
That time for the dead shall never return ;
Nor hope nor pride in the bosom burn ;
The time when the sad shall come to weep,
O'er sods that cover a dreamless sleep ;
When hearts shall break as the funeral pall,
O'er the glowing hopes of earth shall fall :
Oh coldly thou mark'st the grief struck hours,
Amid the wild thyme and the bending flowers !

The chime from the village is floating o'er
The dead's cold city and echoing vale ;
The herds return and the weary mower,
And light love whispers his evening tale.—
The last soft gleam of the setting sun,
But faintly pierces the coming dun ;
And coldly lingers like life's wan light,
Pursued by Death with his leaden night.
But who comes here o'er the flowery way,
To linger beside the wall so gray !
She plants the rose on the fresh green sod,
And raises her heart and hopes to God.

Ah, pale is her cheek and sad her eye,
Whilst her whispered prayer is heard on high !
The opening joy she laid in the earth,
She gave to the God that own'd its birth.
Chastened and bowed is that mother fair,
Beside the sod of the lov'd one near :
Sadly thou mark'st by the cold gray stone,
The hour of grief in the churchyard lone !

The sun is high and the morn is fair,
And fragrantly wends the Summer breeze ;
The echoes return the light laugh near,
No heart comes now that is ill at ease.—
The path is threaded by tripping feet,
As merry and light as if death's sleep
Shall never come o'er the jesting throng,
To quench the spirit of mirth and song.
Invisible love's bright torch leads on,
To the altar's foot and Spirit's throne.—
There are young hearts bound together there,
With prayer and blessing, with smile and tear :
And now they return o'er sod and stone,
Nor think that beneath shall be their home ;
Oh let them laugh now and have their mirth,
Their grieves must come, and the pall, and earth !
Love's light may be dead when next they come,
And sorrows around their hearts be thrown.—
Oh coldly thou mark'st by the dark gray stone,
The bridal hour in the churchyard lone !

The evening returns with its placid light,
To halo again the bright green lea ;
Nature's domain with peace is bedight,
Her voices and smiles are dear to me !
By the old gray tower where ivy twines,
And the green graves lie in saddening lines ;
The voice of solitude wakes the sigh,
And starts the tear in the gazing eye ;
But sounds of mirth are among the dead,
Ah, who comes now to smile and to wed !

'Tis childhood among the tomb's lone flowers,
 That charm as well as the fairest bowers ;
 Blithely they clamber the tufted mound,
 Nor dream of beds in the cold damp ground ;
 The sward to them waves inviting green,
 'Twill not be ever thus fair I ween !
 'Tis lovely above but dark beneath,
 Its green around is but sorrow's wreath ;
 But let them sport, the butterfly seek,
 The time is not come for them to weep.—
 Oh coldly thou mark'st by the dark gray stone,
 Fair childhood's sports in the churchyard lone !

I fear me not in thy haunt so lone,
 Sweetly to muse as the hours pass by ;
 I mark from the vale another home,
 And beyond time's bourn a brighter sky !
 Thy teachings are silent, but tell me now,
 By thy changing shade I must shortly bow ;
 That ere life's circle with age shall dim,
 It oft shall be swept by grief and sin ;
 Though I muse o'er thy face my thoughts are far,
 And traverse the path of moon and star ;
 For the grass grown way and the sighing bough,
 By the soft winds stirr'd as they wander low ;
 And the sheltering oak with its stalwart breast,
 By its nestling child the ivy press'd ;
 The low stone wall with its fern and vine,
 Where the creeping lichens of old entwine ;
 The wandering bee with its sweet low hymn,
 And murmurs that woo from earth and sin ;
 Have guided my thought beyond the stone,
 And warning shades of the churchyard lone !

'Tis night ! the vesper of earth is sung,
 The green of the grave in sterner gloom,
 Waves in its silence beneath the young
 And holier beams of the chaster moon !
 Thou heedest not now the hours that pass,

Silently through time's magic glass ;
What need ! they wake not to note thy shade,
Who on earth's pillow are kindly laid !
What reck they of hours who mount the sky,
And joy in a timeless rest on high !
There's nought for them in the clay cold mound,
The light of hope is not 'neath the ground ;
There's no phantom step on the midnight glade,
Nor spirit within the greenwood shade ;
Lone nature has nought but peace, where stream
The moonlight floods o'er the waving plain ;
Let us startle not at the troubled shade,
The visions our own dread thoughts have made ;
But learn in the city of graves the way,
To a kindlier home and a brighter day.

Ah ! what canst thou tell when suns come not,
'Tis but in light thy page is seen !
As the heart can read where sleepers rot,
Only when living truth shall beam.—
Thou tak'st no note of the laughing swain,
The bridal throng or the weeping train ;
Whilst tracing shadows of time's swift year,
That lead life's path to the pall and bier ;
Yet dost thou speak of the coming night,
Stealing to darken the pilgrim's flight ;
Around thee tokens a warning bear,
And spirits call from the upper air.
Oh let us awaken from sloth and sin,
And the cold unnoted gloom within !
Let bodements of death, the tomb's remain,
The lone tree's murmuring, sad refrain ;
The voice from the vale's congregation nigh,
The fresh green mounds and the mourning sigh ;
Teach us to seek by the grave so low,
The bliss that the holier realms bestow !

TIME.

NEW YEAR 1856.

Time but corrodes the tenement of Life.

Come to thy festival, oh Time,
The circling year is born of thee!
Tho' leafless vale and forest pine,
Breathe saddening minstrelsy ;
Where hearts the glowing hearth surround,
The golden joys of life abound !

I've mark'd thee when the joyous bird,
Her matin sung on upward wing ;
When pulses in the woodland stirr'd,
Touch'd by the beams of Spring !
And nature on the verdant hill,
Gave to the heart a wilder thrill.

I've marked thee in the beaming hours,
When Summer's quiet dells were bless'd ;
As tho' I trod in Eden's bowers,
And owned its happier rest !
When gently came love's voice to me,
Beneath the joyous greenwood tree.

Days that were shadowless, how swift
Their winged hours ! Fond memory clings
To them as to an angel gift—
So worshipful are we of things
That sun the pilgrim's pathway o'er,
And light him to thy farther shore !

But where the purling streamlets sweep,
The flowers have lain them down to die ;
The eddying wind and snow drift greet,
Where zephyrs murmured by :
To Love's sweet haunt the path is drear,
And sadness broods o'er wood and mere.

Life's loveliest semblances doth start
From out the springtide of thy years !
When the heart deems it ne'er shall part
From the proud hopes it rears ;
When youth's diviner faith is bright,
And all the distance glows in light.

We own thee, worship thee, aspire,
In life's last hoary, wearying years ;
To win thee to our vain desire,
Or, with repentant tears,
Ask for the closing pilgrimage,
The calm hours of a later age.

Yet in ambition's fiery pride,
We wreck as nought thy golden hour ;
And deem the upward mounting tide
Shall have no waning power !
Defiant manhood spurns to-day,
The stern monitions on its way.

Upon thy verge we fain would tread,
Thy backward path to youth again ;
To seek the purer joys that wed
To home and native glen !
And gently scatter blessings o'er,
The way profaned by wrong before !

With thee the monarch mind shall reign,
Where Freedom's temples greet the sky ;
And stern oppression cease to claim

The spot where truth must die !
 The battle brand shall cease to flame,
 And virtue conquer hate's domain.

Passions were in the past, that made
 Sad rifts upon the heart, and oft
 The spirit sought a lonelier glade
 To muse or weep—but soft
 Thy voice of gentle soothing came,
 And brought the joyous hours again !

Compeer of fate ! Where'er we roam,
 On ocean's realm, the desert waste ;
 Whether in dark Iberian zone,
 Or clime by Summer grac'd,—
 Thy silent step is side by side
 With ours, in aught that may betide.

Man conquers—his are winds and waves,
 And strong ambition's onward life ;
 To grasp whate'er his spirit craves,
 Upon his path of strife :
 The prowess that shall dare his arm,
 The zest of peril lends a charm.

But thou art conqueror here, oh Time !
 The sterner ruler of the hour !
 The sceptre and the sword are thine,
 Beyond our boasted power !
 We read thy sway of fierce events,
 Upon our riven muniments.

The rude weed and the ivy give
 The crumbling tower a deeper shade ;
 Strown columns, mouldering temples, heave
 The ruin thou hast made !
 Proud fanes beneath the steril sand,
 Where sepulcher'd at thy command !

Yet one shall conquer thee, oh Time !
 Years cease to hymn thy march on high ;
 Oblivion gather round thy shrine,
 Thou, even thou, must die !
 The beautiful ideal come
 No more to light the hearth of home !

THE DEATH OF L——.

He returns no more !

He has gone out unto the spirit world,
 Companionless and lonely, and the place
 That bless'd him and was bless'd, hears not his step.
 I see him not upon the busy mart,
 Nor at his home's lov'd altar, where the smiles
 Of kindred faces welcom'd him, and liv'd
 Beneath the favor of his gentle love.
 No more I see him on the Summer lea
 Marking the floweret's beauty, or in thought
 Threading the windings of the brook, that gave
 The sweet and gentle music that he lov'd.

His was a meek and quiet virtue here,
 Read in the truths of nature and imbued
 With gentleness and peace. Earth and her scenes,
 For him of plaint or sorrow had no voice.
 His footsteps oft were with the flowers that grew
 To solitude observant—their return
 Of sinless bloom, his lonely walk made glad,
 And with them were his holiest musings tim'd.
 The pure and solemn lustre of the stars,
 The counterparts of holiness and love ;
 The silvery sands on ocean's lonely shore,

Whereon no lasting record can be trac'd ;
The cold, cloud-cleaving mountains, veil'd in snow,
And chastened by the anger of the storm ;
The light and shade commingling on the brook,
Giving a calm serenity its course ;
The rippling music of the river's flow,
Wooing the virgin wind flower as it bends
Its opening petals o'er the passing tide ;
The floral beauty of the evening glade,
Sequester'd in its minstrelsy and bloom ;
Gave him their song and musing—he look'd forth
Upon their varied imagery alone,
And read the goodness and the power of God !

Tho' studious of deep lore, and drinking oft
Diviner founts of feeling in the haunts
Of poesy, his heart swell'd not with pride ;
But with a generous pulse and warmer glow,
The humble own'd as brothers, and himself
He deem'd the frail companion of the worm ;
His knowledge but the pebble on the shore,
Or leaf amid the forest. Grace had won
His earliest thoughts to wisdom, and had taught
The weakness of earth's knowledge. At the tomb
Of man's inflated greatness, he had mark'd
How quickly fades the glory of a name ;
That we on reason's threshold do but seek
What lowest angels know.

Varied his lot !

Sorrow was his and anguish,—fortune too,
Gave him but lowly boon, and sternly oft,
Adversity held forth her bitter cup ;
Yet was his spirit firm, and meekly met
Whate'er of time bore rudely on its peace.
Did penury seek his homestead!—forth he went,
To the lone starveling's shelter, finding there
Humanity yet more unblest than he ;—
And while he own'd that all of earth is His

Who listeth to the callow raven's cry,
And careth for his children, he return'd,
To thank Him for a far serener hope,
Than aught in fortune's blessing.—Came there wealth !
But as the steward of another's gift,
Dispensed his hand the meed,—nor his the good
Was vaunted, as he gave with generous hand
In every noble charity of life ;
Nor his the deed that gladdened weary hearts,
Or sooth'd in wild bereavement—all the will,
Thought, purpose, action, for a brother's sooth,
The Father's grace bestow'd.

He returns no more !

To him may never come the hope of earth,
Or sublunary dream. He pass'd not here
With plumed honors, or proud wish for fame ;
But quietly along the narrow way
Went to his resting, and the light, green sod,
Enamell'd by the blooming flowers he lov'd,
Seem in their lonely waving to speak forth
His gentleness and love, and meekly point
The simple epitaph of "Here he lies."

THE SABBATH BELL.

The Sabbath Bell—the Sabbath Bell,
I bless the welcome sound !
Around my heart its echoes swell,
And o'er the hill-tops bound !
'Tis sweeter than the morning bird,
That hails the sparkling dawn ;
It speaks of faith's sublimest word,
A sabbath newly born.

The Sabbath Bell—the Sabbath Bell,
Like that sweet voice of yore ;
That still'd the ocean's angry swell,
And taught upon the shore ;
Has hush'd the tumult of my heart,
And green'd the desert there ;
And from the sloth of sin I start,
To breathe the secret pray'r.

Oh many feet shall tread the aisle
Of Zion's house to-day !
And many hearts unstain'd with guile,
There bless the narrow way ;
And happy they that hear to live,
When God the heart shall claim ;
And love's diviner feelings give,
Life's deeds an upward aim !

I've wandered by the grassy mound,
Where battle's conflict roll'd ;
O'er Marathon's historic ground,
Enrich'd with human mould ;

Where men's ambitious prowess died,
 On stern Platea's day ;
 And monuments of manly pride,
 Have bow'd to time's decay.

I've stood beside the pyramid,
 On Egypt's lonely waste ;
 Above her temples and her dead,
 By steril sands embrac'd ;
 Upon the wild Carnatic shore,
 Where Brahma's children die ;
 I've watch'd the pyre that slowly bore,
 The widow's faith on high !

But not a sound came there to bless,
 Of mercy or of love ;
 No Word revived the wilderness,
 No blessings beam'd above ;
 Nought but a sad remembrance swept
 Across the battle plain ;
 And mouldering temples echoed yet,
 The tread of ruthless men.

I love the spots where blessings come,
 And paths are lit with peace ;
 They're brighter than where glory shone,
 Upon the hosts of Greece !
 The vows where hymns of praise ascend,
 And man forgets his pride ;
 Are nobler than the deeds that blend,
 With old Scamander's tide.

There is a charm where Memnon greets
 The morn's ascending beam ;
 And stirring memory backward sweeps,
 Upon the Nile's swift stream ;
 But desert solitudes can give
 The pilgrim's path no ray ;
 The hermit heart may o'er them grieve,
 But find no upward day !

My heart is with my native land,
The meads that childhood roam'd ;
And when upon the spot I stand,
That long affections own'd ;
I love them more for sabbaths giv'n,
For prayers that humbly swell ;
The faith that lifts the eye to heav'n,
The holy Sabbath Bell !



THE SOLDIER'S SONG OF SLEEP.

The night has cross'd our weary way,
My couch is on the grassy plain ;
And where we hail'd the closing day,
The sentry treads his rounds again :
Where moonlight mellows all the vale,
The lonely night-bird breathes her strain ;
I watch the stars 'till memories pale,
And dreams, sweet dreams, my soul enchain !
 Sleep—sleep—sweet sleep—
 Sleep—sweet sleep,
Thy dreams my soul enchain !

Oh shadowy land thou art my own,
O'er thee I haste to home and love !
All other scenes from time have flown,
No skies but thine are bright above !
What recks it that the morn shall come,
And drum-beats call to march again !
Where'er thy silent spell is thrown,
All reckless of alarms, I reign !
 Sleep—sleep—sweet sleep—
 Sleep—sweet sleep,
Thy dreams my soul enchain !

Though soon may come the battle's call,
Our bayonets flash in stern array ;
And side by side our bravest fall,
As speeds the fierce, contested day ;
In sleep I seek a kindlier sky,
And roam beneath its starry fane ;
As winds, the hours go fleeting by,
But all the hopes of youth remain !
 Sleep—sleep—sweet sleep—
 Sleep—sweet sleep,
Thy dreams my soul enchain !



THE DRUMMER BOY.

The golden sun of Summer was on the village green,
And ranks were marshall'd quickly, with stern and earnest mien !
And loved ones had gathered with wet and anxious eye,
To sigh farewell and watch the march, as files went tramping by.

Where roll'd the stirring music to lead the loyal blue,
A lightsome boy stepp'd proudly, his drum-tap strong and true ;
He'd won his weeping mother to let him go and share
The danger of his comrades and show what he could dare.

His heart was light and happy, for youth has many dreams,
A sky with scarce a cloudlet, where rose-light ever beams ;
He little thought upon the march, of one lone heart's alloy,
Of one whose silent prayers were breath'd, for her dear drummer boy.

His elder comrades fondled him, they knew his father's worth,
They lov'd him for his bravery, his artlessness and mirth;
And when around the camping fire, where song and jest
were found,
He sang them plaintive strains of home, that made their
heart-strings bound.

A charge was beat at Shiloh, and madden'd horse and men,
And serried lines and bayonets, dash'd forward through
the glen;
Whilst shot and shell and ghastly wounds, and quickly
ebbing life,
And writhing forms and pallid dead, gave terror to the
strife.

And when the day clos'd o'er the scene, and fierce shot
ceas'd to sound,
Oh many, many answer'd not, the roll-call on that ground!
And one lov'd drum-beat was not heard, amid the victor's
joy,
For death had claim'd the light of heart, their gallant
drummer boy!

In the village church yard lonely, they laid him gently
down,
Dress'd in his dark and gallant blue, with flowers for his
crown;
The Summer moonlight seems to sleep, more calm and
sweetly there,
And roses bloom more lovingly, and sweeter fragrance bear.

There's a cap and belt and shatter'd drum, upon a cottage
wall,
Memorials of the early lost, too early for death's call;
A widow'd mother guards them well, as things almost di-
vine,
And daily yields to sorrow there, as at a sacred shrine.

Oh earth, thou ne'er hast taken, within thy mother breast,
A brighter and a braver, to lay him into rest !
And whilst historic names shall live, to be their country's
joy,
Some sadden'd hearts will ne'er forget the silent drummer
boy.



THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER.

The day is closing brightly, the time is sweetest May,
And birds are singing welcome around our homeward way ;
Our march through Georgia over, the strife is heard no
more,
The shrill reveille's warnings have died upon her shore !

Oh, the weary march is o'er,
And the cannon's startling roar ;
And nought is heard, but the ocean's surge
On Georgia's lonely shore !

I see my native valley, I tread my own domain,
I hear the grove's sweet music, oh, this is home again !
No longer I'm aweary, my spirit is aglow,
'Tis better thus than marching, or battle's surging woe.

Oh, the weary march is o'er !—

The angels of my household are fondling at my side,
And kindred fear no longer, for aught that wars betide ;
Within the welcome circle, I share love's merriest glee,
For every face is joyous, and every heart is free.

Oh, the weary march is o'er !—

By the sentry's guarded pathway I yearned for strains of home,
And saw beloved faces in dreams beneath the moon ;
A mother's prayers seem'd echoed around my slumbers there,
And shot and shell sped harmlessly upon the midnight air.

Oh, the weary march is o'er !—

Many a weary league I trod with Sherman to the sea,
And saw the dusky bondmen rejoicing to be free !
Whilst comrades lay so silently beneath the grassy plain,
No more to cheer the stern career upon our front again.

Oh, the weary march is o'er !—

From Tennessee to ocean, we boldly swung our line,
And tramped the hot savanna to freedom's measured time ;
The foemen vainly rallied, in vain their legions bled,
Our march was o'er their banners, our way was o'er their dead.

Oh, the weary march is o'er !—

May freedom never weep again where rained the iron storm,
Or shriek upon the ghastly field for sons and brothers torn ;
Oh, ne'er may war's stern note be heard to call us forth again
To tread the sentry's lonely beat, or charge amid the slain !

Oh, the weary march is o'er !—

SONG OF THE SHOVEL AND SPADE.

Two humble brothers are we the Shovel and the Spade,
We pierce the rugged mountain and level up the glade ;
We ring amid the woodland, and gleam along the green,
And smooth the iron path for the rushing wheels of steam.

Ho, ho, ho, for the Shovel and the Spade,
Delvers of the mountain and the glade ;
They've work'd the nation's triumphs, honored be
The ever faithful servants of the free !

Companions of the Pickaxe, we've work'd together long,
Since Adam was a delver and Eve spun out her song ;
Old England for her ores sent us far to mines below,
And we served in glorious Yankee land, a long time ago.

Ho, ho, ho, for the Pickaxe and the Spade !—

Upon the heights of Bunker where mighty foemen met,
We heav'd beneath the moonlight the glorious parapet ;
And since, we've served the nation from Florida to Maine,
Against our giant monuments the battle roll'd in vain !

Ho, ho, ho, for the Shovel and the Spade !—

We've led the sylvan waters around the mountain's base,
Across the roughen'd gorges and o'er the arid waste ;
The darken'd realms of forest, have turn'd to greet the day,
And the boatman's horn is echoed where we have led the
way.

Ho, ho, ho, for the Shovel and the Spade !—

Where rolls the bright Nevada along her golden shore,
Rude brothers of the mattock we've dug the shining ore ;

The Ophir of the continent our noble labors own,
Whilst guerdons of the river sands enrich the toiler's home.

Ho, ho, ho, for the Shovel and the Spade!—

The Sword hath sung its glory in battle's gleaming van,
Too oft the myrmidon of wrath to make a thrall of man;
We claim the noble arts of peace, in labor's ranks to stand,
We leave no sorrow in our path, or make a desert land!

Ho, ho, ho, for the Shovel and the Spade!—



A SIMILE.

That little cloud, how bright it seems,
Now floating o'er the distant west!
Enrich'd with evening's mellow'd beams,
Slow fading on its mountain crest.

That little cloud, in beauty drest,
How many fairy things it owns!
No radiant star seems half so blest,
Tho' wandering through ethereal zones.

But see! the borrow'd hues are fled,
And all its transient charms decay!
Its form is passionless and dead,
And past the pleasing dream of day.

So fades the light of many a dream,
So steals the joy from manhood's glade;
And leaves o'er memory's varied scene,
The leaden hue of evening's shade.

MEET ME AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

Meet me at the Throne of Grace,
Trembling with our sin and care ;
Through the glory of the place,
God will speak his pardon there :
He will own the contrite hour,
When we bend in lowly pray'r ;
In the soul's reviving pow'r,
Faith her upward wing shall bear.

Meet me at the Throne of Grace,
When the morn unbars her light ;
In the smiles of Jesus' face,
We shall walk with holier might :
If we journey by his side,
Through the long and tempting day ;
He will be our trust and guide,
Kindly point the narrow way.

Meet me at the Throne of Grace,
When the evening shades appear ;
As the day we dimly trace,
Night a heavenly peace shall wear ;
Through the cold and gathering gloom,
Light shall guide us from on high ;
And amid night's deepest noon,
Guardian footsteps will be nigh.

Meet me at the Throne of Grace,
When the hopes of life are fled ;
As we leave the world's embrace,
Purer joys are round us shed :

He can speak from out the cloud,
 Through the veil of sorrow shine ;
 And the mourner, lowly bow'd,
 Meet and bless at mercy's shrine,

Meet me at the Throne of Grace,
 As we near the Jordan's shore ;
 When we weary of the race,
 When the loves of time are o'er :
 Waves of Death shall backward roll,
 Faith will yield her earthly trust ;
 And the Saviour lead the soul,
 To the Canaan of the just.



THE MARINER'S WISH.

Not in the earth,
 Though strew'd with gentle flowers and bedew'd
 By the warm tears of kindred, shall I lie.—
 The music of the brooklets hath no charm,
 Nor the soft breath of summer in the vale ;
 Nor do I ask the foliated bower
 To wave its green above me.

Bury me

In the deep sea, amid her coral caves ;
 Let the green billows that doth waft me now,
 And bear me, living, on their heaving breast,
 Enshroud me when I die. Oh let me lie
 Where the swift ripple of the driving keel,
 And song of mariner and mighty winds
 Shall be my requiem !

LOOK UPWARD.

Look upward! myriad orbs above,
Glow in deep floods of heavenly light!
Where being might forever love,
Nor trace its joys to distant night!
See now 'mid zenith's highest blue,
In fairest semblances they beam;
And now upon the horizon's view,
Their parting glories faintly stream!

Look upward! not a spot or cloud,
Appears to claim a kindred there!
Nought that may chaste or enshroud,
A throng so glorious and so fair!
What wonder that the seer of old,
To them address'd his midnight prayer;
Or from their circling numbers told
To man, what future fate should bear!

Yet, though so brilliant to the view,
O'er all the storm and cloud impend;
Of earth embodied spirit too,
Their beauties all with darkness blend;
The Alpine rock and forest glen,
Sequestered spot, unfruitful glade,
Ocean's wild heaving, give to them
Their native loneliness and shade.

From distant spheres enshrin'd in light,
Their sweetly pure effulgence streams;
And all of earth and all of night,
Are lost in far reflected beams;

For they inherent light and peace
Own not upon their pathless way ;
Their rock piled hills and ocean waste,
Glow in the hues of borrowed day.

And thus, O Man ! thy darkness, might,
And nature, seem at distance view'd,
Arrayed in hues of loveliest light,
To charm life's stern vicissitude !
Though mind the loftiest flights explores,
Roams every realm, and gives control
To all inferior mould, and soars
Where thought can find no farther goal,—

Oh what art thou devoid of light,
Which heaven bestows to guide thee here !
A wild and suffering child of night,
Dark tenant of a darkened sphere !
The Sun of Righteousness must shine,
Around thy sin polluted zone ;
Rays of a heavenly faith be thine,
Ere thou a brightened form canst own !

EARTH'S TIES.

The ties that briefly bound to earth,
 Have one by one been broken ;
My soul has left its idle mirth,
 And owns each saddening token :
My spirit waits the call to join
 The household of my heart ;
And hope her glorious hues has thrown
 Where lov'd ones wept to part.

First went our sweet and blooming boy,
 Love's early, cherished one ;
To share the Father's purer joy,
 Ere sin his soul had won ;
Oh blessed is the hand that gave,
 The hand the bright one claim'd !
Blessed to close life's virgin page,
 By passion yet unstain'd !

And then the bearded sire we bore,
 With lingering steps away ;
To mingle with the lov'd of yore,
 To lie with kindred clay ;
And as his pallid cheek was hid
 Beneath the solemn pall ;
A voice within the coffin lid,
 Remov'd our cup of gall.

Then she that watched with quiet love
 The pulse of infant breath ;
Whose gentlest words my heart could move,
 And still the tides of wrath ;

With dove-like meekness she went down,
To join her silent lord ;
Greeted with joy the King's stern frown,
And bless'd the severing word.

And last, Oh wife, upon thy brow
The mortal paleness spread !
And when I laid thee cold and low
The love of earth was dead !
And though I may remember yet,
Man is my brother here ;
The lonely heart can ne'er forget,
The cerement and the bier.

And thus the ties that bound to earth,
Now one by one are broken ;
My soul has left its idle mirth,
And owns the saddening token !
My spirit waits the call to join
The household of my heart ;
And hope her glorious hues has thrown,
Where lov'd ones wept to part !

VIRTUE.

The calm moon through the clustering clouds,
Bends her way steadily and bright;
So patient Virtue threads the crowds,
That darken round her path of light;
And lovelier still she greets the eye,
For all that o'er her pathway lie.

I ask not gems that seem to give
To maiden beauty half its charm;
Fame, wealth or power, that may bereave
The heart of many a kindly tone,
If thou within me be enshrin'd,
Thy lustre guide the fallen mind!

To be with thee, to hear thy voice
Still the stern tempests of the soul;
Make sorrow in her tears rejoice,
And o'er the conflict give control;
As memory notes the furrowing wo,
Are all the pilgrim asks below.

I feel the weary throb of life,
Its winter sits upon my brow;
But all is pure amid the strife,
If only at thy shrine I bow!
And never yet in hopes unblest,
Hast thou refused thy promised rest!

And oh, when faint and far decline
The troubled spectres of life's dream;
Upon my pathway sweetly shine,
And make the parting hour serene!
As through death's sadden'd vale I flee,
There too I ask thy light to be!

LIFE'S CONFLICT.

Let's fight life's battle bravely,
Nor yield to doubting fear ;
The Truth will make us freemen,
And win the victory here :
Our fathers fought before us,
In earth the martyr'd lie ;
They sung defiant chorus,
And taught us how to die !

The soldier doth his scabbard
Throw in the charge away ;
And press with fiery footstep,
Deep in the battle fray :
So let us while we're truthful,
Fling from our souls afar
The doubt of God's approval,
Through all the fiercer war.

We *must* fight ! Foes are round us,
Prompt, watchful, ever bold ;
Now on our weakened outpost,
Now at our strongest hold !
To battle is to conquer,
To yield us is to die ;
And spirits that have triumph'd, watch
The conflict from on high !

There are no hours of pleasure,
Time has its stern demands ;
Each moment hath its measure,
Some graver deed commands !

Though we fight 'till life is lonely,
'Till locks are thin and hoar ;
Death's armistice can only
Release us from the war.

Nor must we bend to sorrow,
Though lov'd ones round us lie ;
Their's is no fearful morrow,
Marshall'd to strive and die !
Our day is only given,
To press the conquer'd way ;
And watch where we have striven,
Lest sin the soul betray.

What though the field be rugged,
The foe in ambush lie ;
Rough guerdon cheer our toiling,
And storms our zeal defy !
Come brothers, on, and steady—
Tread firmly side by side ;
For death must find us ready,
To pass the Jordan's tide !

THE REAPER'S SONG.

Ring out, ring out, the harvest strain,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !
Till distant echoes shout again,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !
With many a bud of sweetest hope,
 From many a sunny lea ;
With leaves from summer's greenest slope,
 Entwined our wreaths shall be :
The homestead green where friendships roam,
 And blooms the lovely haw ;
Shall hear the harvest's farewell tone,
 The reaper's glad hurra !
Hurra—hurra—hurra—hurra,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !

Our toil the teeming harvests bless,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !
And swell our hopes as on we press,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !
Come brothers, faint not on the way,
 Tho' fierce the summer sky ;
And yellow waves stretch far away,
 Before the weary eye ;
For ere the sun shall hide his light,
 Behind the hills afar ;
This golden sea so proud and bright,
 Our blades shall sweep, hurra !
Hurra—hurra—hurra—hurra,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !

Since erst upon the mellow glebe,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !
We gently cast the virgin seed,
 Hurra—hurra—hurra !

Upon its springing green has sped
The wintry spirit's wrath ;
And fiercer than the coursing steed,
Here glared the tempest's path :
But heaven its kindlier influence gave,
And vernal season's saw
Their brightening skies smile out to save
The reaper's prize, hurra !
Hurra—hurra—hurra—hurra,
Hurra—hurra—hurra !

Strike deep and strong, my merry men,
Hurra—hurra—hurra !
Like conquerors press the beckoning grain,
Hurra—hurra—hurra !
And fairer chaplets ours shall be,
And nobler fields be won,
Than those that crown the mighty brave,
Through horrors thick and dun :
No blood our golden conquest seals,
No death stroke leads our war ;
No wail upon the footstep steals,
To blend with our hurra !
Hurra—hurra—hurra—hurra,
Hurra—hurra—hurra.

FIRST LOVE.

Do you remember, Ella, when
In boyhood's happy time,
We chatted at the cottage door
Beneath the budding vine ?—
How merrily the moments fled
Upon the village green,
As sunset o'er the landscape shed
Its soft and lingering beam ?—
Do you remember—
Do you remember ?

Do you remember, Ella, how
I fear'd to meet thy gaze,
As kindly feelings led us far
In love's bewildering maze ?—
How bashfully I gave thee smiles,
And choicest fruits and flowers—
But scarcely knew 'twas passion's wiles
That charmed so many hours !
Do you remember—
Do you remember ?

In the glorious realms of summer,
I wander'd by thy side ;
And I lov'd thee and I won thee,
As lover wins his bride !
But press'd thee not with ardent words,
Nor ask'd an answering sigh ;
Our hearts were one without a vow,
Beneath that happy sky.—
Do you remember—
Do you remember ?

Do you remember, Ella, too,
 The spring was in its green,
 When grief's first shadow threw its blight
 Around our artless dream ?
 I left of earth the dearest spot,
 To wander far from thee !
 Our parting cannot be forgot,
 Beneath the greenwood tree !
 Do you remember—
 Do you remember ?

Though thronging years have cross'd my way,
 Since last we roam'd the wild ;
 They are but hours of yesterday,
 When hope our hearts beguiled !
 And now how fondly memories seek
 Again the native glen ;—
 The lips that once could fondly speak,
 I seem to hear again !—
 Do you remember—
 Do you remember ?



MAGGIE.

Maggie is na pretty,
 Maggie is na fair ;
 Maggie has nae jetty
 Locks of braided hair ;
 But I'll try to win her,
 She's sae kind and rare ;
 If she'll love, I dinna
 Care for jetty hair !

I ask nae beauty aye sae pretty,
 Gowd bedimm'd wi care !
 I dinna care for pretty, jetty
 Locks of braided hair !

Maggie has nae mither,
 Sire of barons bold ;
 Nane to love, or will her
 Stores of shining gold ;—
 But I'll try to win her,
 She has gifts untold ;
 If she'll love I dinna
 Care for shining gold :

I ask nae beauty, &c.

Maggie has nae manor,
 Glades of spreading green ;
 Castle hall or banner,
 But a cot, I ween !
 But I'll try to win her,
 By her ingle side ;
 If she'll love, I winna
 Seek anither bride.

I ask nae beauty, &c.

For Maggie is sae gentle,
 Maggie is sae true ;
 Wi her plaid and wimple,
 She's the lass I'll woo !
 Lassie wi the pladie,
 Lassie wi the cot,
 I will be thy laddie,
 Share thy humble lot !

I ask nae beauty, &c.

FORSAKEN.

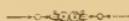
She sings of dreams, of summer dreams,
Where love had won her faithful heart ;
And wandering 'neath the moon's cold beams,
With one fond hope she cannot part ;
In music's spell she lives again,
Forgetful of her spirit's blight ;
'Tis sweet to catch that plaintive strain,
But oh how sad upon the night !

She sings of love, unfaithful love,
That wil'd her in a trusting hour ;
And meekly, as at eve the dove,
In song she mourns within her bower :
Oh saddened heart, no guile is thine,
And hope may start in sunnier years ;
Cease, minstrel, cease in vain to pine,
Though memory steep thy faith in tears !

Oh faith, that had so fair a shrine !—
That, beaming in a vestal fane,
Seem'd, as the Gheber's fire, divine,
Forever as a sacred flame,
Should weeping turn from things so fair,
Things that it worshipp'd and refin'd ;
To tread the lifeless waste of care,
And bow in darkness of the mind !

'Tis o'er!—the strife's of love have died
Within that calm and gentle breast !
Hush'd are her griefs where night winds sigh'd,
She seeks not now sequestered rest :

No sever'd vows of earth she mourns,—
 Rejoicing in the heart's release,
 Far holier, as a seraph's, burns
 The passion of the realms of peace !



TO THEE—TO THEE !

To thee, to thee, when all are fled,
 Where shall I find a name so dear ?
 Or know, when friends are wearied,
 A heart as thine sincere !
 For thou art not a summer friend,
 To smile when only hopes are free ;
 I turn, when tones with coldness blend,
 To thee—to thee !

To thee I go how dark soe'er,
 The driving clouds of anguish lower ;
 No charm can with thy smile compare,
 Or gladden like its power ;
 It speaks love's tearless soul within,
 That will not cherish aught but glee ;
 And brightens all that grief can bring,
 To thee—to thee !

Again my errant path is blest,
 Again I mark a ray serene
 Of one fair star that seeks a rest,
 On memory's verdant scene.—
 And if in fate's wild, cheerless night,
 I battle on her trepid sea ;
 I'll trace afar a holy light,
 To thee—to thee !

THE WILD ROSE.

Nay!—take it,—it is modest, fair,
Its hues are fresh, its blush is sweet!
On every leaflet rests a tear,
As though it bloom'd on sorrow's steep.

I cull'd it as the vesper shade
O'er its young form in silence hung;
'Twas pensive where at morn it play'd,
When every winning grace was young.

Its bed was wild, for it has bloomed
Far from the bower, or gay parterre;
Where wanton footstep never roamed,
And nought but echo linger'd there.

Oh say not 'tis too wild a boon,
To deck a bosom fair as thine!
Or that its hues will fade too soon,
For it's wild native dell repine.

There's many a flower on nature's wild,
Whose beauty virtue's self array'd;
And modest blooming buds revil'd,
Whose worth should deck a happier glade.

Nay!—take it,—it is modest, fair,
Its hues are fresh, its blush is sweet!
Upon it is the dew bright tear,
As tho' it bloomed on sorrow's steep!

PARTED.

“Farewell!—the word is spoken now,
That rends the golden chain!
Thy hopes and heart afar will bow,
My spirit grief must claim.—
As we have lov’d we may not love,
The smile we may not see;
Nor hear the voice that once could move,
Nor ask what ne’er can be.”

“Love’s first wild dream is o’er, and breaks
The hope dispelling ray;
As one by one the vision’d fates,
So lovely, pass away!
I ne’er can own its bliss again,
But once it comes to bless;
Tho’ years may own a cherish’d name,
As on they sadly press.”

“I would that I could rise above
The deep indwelling thought;
That ask’d so much of thee and love,
So much with memory fraught:
But how can I forget the hours,
That come so fondly still;
Forth from a happy spring of flowers,
All conquerors of the will!”

“Yet go! with stern compeers, and live
In fitful dreams of fame;
Go tempt the conflict, that may give
Death, or a living name!

I ask thee no remembrance now,
Thy prouder hopes to shade ;
I've heard thee breathe another vow,
Upon thy battle blade."

" I know that life has been to thee,
A stern and troubled aim ;
But mine no recreant heart shall be,
Still shalt thou o'er it reign !
Mine must thou be, forever mine,
By all the sacred past ;
I'll worship at affection's shrine,
Still loyal to the last !"

" What tho' ambition fill thy soul,
And glory win away ;
Imperial manhood's proud control,
Command thy heart to-day !
In silent patience I'll await,
To see thee tire of fame ;
And should lone days her spell-work break,
I'll win thee mine again."

" But now I fear to meet thine eye,
Or mark thy cold disdain ;
I cannot chide thee with a sigh,
Or song's complaining strain ;
Within the ocean of my love
Shall every tear be lost ;
And hope shall calmly soar above
The realm by sorrow cross'd."

" I see no love light on thy brow,
Hush'd is the strain I wove ;
Yet may the aspiring spirit bow,
Life's honors spurn for love :
Deep in the chambers of thy soul,
A voice may haply come ;
To one dear memory give control,
First love and early home."

“ I cannot, dare not, wish thee all
Thou seek’st amid the brave ;
Nor smile upon the soldier’s pall,
Nor pray for glory’s grave :
The proudest laurel that doth crown,
But for a mortal breath ;
Blooms on a place of sad renown,
The field of gory death.”

“ And warrior wreaths are naught to her,
That asks a dearer faith ;
They breathe of hate and massacre,
Of curse and dying breath :
Give me a hope, a cottage home,
A love that’s deep and strong ;
That shall abide when years are flown,
And cares around us throng.”

One morn, when vales and fields were fair,
And war had ceas’d to scourge ;
A drum-beat on the sorrowing air,
Told of a soldier’s dirge ;
There were deep files and steady tread,
A sword, a wreathed bier ;
Beneath, a grave, the silent dead,
Above, a sigh and tear.

A DREAM.

I dreamed of the home of my youth,
As the night spirit lull'd me to rest ;
And voices of gladness and truth
I heard where I once was so blest :
I roam'd all the dream-land again,
The meadow, the hill, and the mere ;
The reaper rejoic'd 'mid the grain,
And the harvest song thrill'd on my ear !

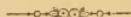
By the spring's silent water I stood,
Neath the elm, and its sweet child, the vine ;
I wander'd along the dark wood,
With a dear hand again clasp'd in mine !
How gently that bright face was turn'd
To my own, where the boughs overspread !
The rapture of boyhood return'd,
And visions I deem'd of the dead.

In the valley we sought the cool stream,
Where midsummer's heat never glowed ;
And there with the sun's paling beam,
Winds breath'd from a spirit's abode !
There were murmurs—the lowing of herds,
And the sigh of the greenwood tree ;
The squirrel's quick rustle, and birds,
That filled the mild air with their glee.

And then, how I wish'd the bright day
Might ever thus over us shine ;
Around us the young flowers play,
And hope, the enchanter, be mine !

There was mercy, oh spirit of dreams,
 In the gift of thy swift fleeting power !
 That bore me to hail its sweet beams,
 And live in the past for an hour !

The pathway of glory may shine,
 And peril the daring heart charm ;
 But oft we shall turn to the time,
 When feeling was artless and warm :
 For who would not wish to return,
 Where love's morning dawn'd on the mind ;
 The cares of life's dim journey spurn,
 For scenes that he first left behind !



SONG.

Let us rove where the summer moonlight sleeps,
 And mellow winds sigh o'er the vale ;
 Where daffodils bloom and the sweet vine creeps,
 And bowers oft list to love's tale !
 Let us rove, let us rove, 'neath the murmuring tree
 I would whisper one thought to thee !

The sun's ruddy light at the closing day,
 Has pal'd on the far distant hill ;
 And the warbles of robin and merry jay,
 In the woodlands have ceas'd to trill :
 Let us rove, let us rove, 'neath the murmuring tree
 I would whisper one thought to thee !

The magic of night is abroad o'er the stream,
 And love is abroad with her sigh ;
 Alone must I tell thee my tremulous dream,
 By the light of a pensive sky.—
 Let us rove, let us rove, 'neath the murmuring tree
 I would whisper one thought to thee !

Oh to wander with thee where the light winds play,
And the moon's smile is o'er the glade ;
Is sweeter than walks of the brighter day,
For our loves gentle night was made !
Let us rove, let us rove, 'neath the murmuring tree
I would whisper one thought to thee !

—○—306—○—

REMEMBRANCES.

Come back, come back, ye wandering joys,
And fold me with your golden wing ;
Life now its own wild dream destroys,
The moments leave behind a sting :
When I remember the years that are gone,
 Oh sweetly they come from the past !
Home, and its valley, its sports, are my own,
 How brightly, how brightly, they last !

Yet oft I lose that beaming star,
 That softly shines from childhood's scene ;
And measures sweet and wild afar,
 I feel no more 'neath hope's dull gleam :
When I remember the years that are gone,
 Oh darkly they wing from the past !
Friendships long broken, the dead, and the lone,
 How sadly, how sadly, they last !

But let me still remember all,
 Though bitter thoughts the chalice twine ;
Some hopes remain that cannot pall,
 Some sweeter memories round it shine :
Then let me remember the years that are gone,
 Though sorrows may share in the past ;
I'll welcome them fondly wherever I roam,
 For all of life's loves that could last !

OH TAKE THE TEMPTER'S CUP FROM ME.

No more—no more—oh take away,
 The tempter's wreathed cup from me ;
 I own its dark and conquering sway,
 I ask the power to free !
 No more—no more—oh take
 The tempter's cup from me !

I gave my peaceful, dayspring hours,
 As swift they pass'd life's brighter sky ;
 To share its smiles and dare its powers,
 Nor sought my doom to fly !
 No more—no more—oh take
 The tempter's cup from me !

Where love its altar spread to bless
 The threshold and the hearth of home ;
 To me is all a wilderness,
 Those scenes I dare not roam !
 No more—no more—oh take
 The tempter's cup from me !

The blasts of passion long have borne
 Forever far my golden day ;
 And wine has taught the heart to mourn
 How it has passed away !
 No more—no more—oh take
 The tempter's cup from me !

Take back, take back, whatever smiles,
 Or joys may sparkle on its brim ;
 I give them all—I've found but wiles,
 And blasted fruits within !
 No more—no more—oh take
 The tempter's cup from me !

BEN BUNK.

Ben Bunk is a true hearted sailor,
For forty long years he has roam'd
In merchantmen, war men and whaler,
Wherever the ocean has foam'd.
Oh here's to thee my brave one,
Wheresoever thou art ;
Here's health to thee my brave one,
Wedded to ocean's heart !

Our Ben is a friend to cold water,
He never loved whiskey or rum ;
On shore or in battle or slaughter,
He tastes not the dark flowing can.
Then here's to thee my brave one,
Wheresoever you go ;
Here's joy to thee my true one,
Where ocean's tempests blow !

When Ben's drunken messmates oft jeer him,
And around them the deep can doth start ;
He vows it shall never deceive him,
Grog Harbor is not on his chart.
Then here's to thee my brave one,
Wheresoever you roam ;
Here's joy to thee my brave one,
Breasting the dashing foam !

He has no forebodings of sorrow,
His spirit is lofty and clear,
His heart is too noble to borrow,
The false smile that vice gives to cheer.
Then here's to thee my true one,
Wheresoever you hail ;
Oh here's to thee my true one,
Cheering amid the gale !

NOTES TO SOLITUDE.

PAGE 74. And silent memory on that Eden shore,
Hath too her tear of sorrow—

The “gentlemanly Mandans,” as Mr. Catlin not inappropriately calls them, present a most melancholy history. The tribe occupied two villages upon the banks of the upper Missouri river, and lived a quiet and peaceful life. They were visited by Mr. Catlin in 1833, for the purpose of collecting curiosities and traditions and taking portraits of their chiefs, in which he succeeded, and left them with many friendly reminiscences and tokens of esteem; particularly through the kindness and courtesy of the head chief, Mahtotohpa, or the Four Bears. Shortly after the visit of Mr. Catlin, some heartless traders brought the small-pox into the villages, which destroyed the tribe, except a few, who were taken prisoners, in their helpless condition, by the Ricarees, and enslaved; and afterwards perished in battle. The tribe is literally extinct; and the only existing mementoes of their history, are in the possession of Mr. C. He thus describes the closing scene of Mahtotohpa’s life:—

“From the trader who was present at the destruction of the Mandans, I have had most wonderful incidents of this dreadful scene, but I dread to recite them. Amongst them, however, there is one that I must briefly describe, relative to the death of that noble GENTLEMAN, of whom I have already said so much, and to whom I became so much attached, Mahtotohpa, or the Four Bears. This fine fellow sat in his wigwam and watched every one of his family die about him, his wives and his little children, after he had recovered from the disease himself; when he walked out around the village, and wept over the final destruction of his tribe; his braves and warriors, whose sinewy arms alone he could depend on for a continuance of their existence, all laid low. When he came back to his lodge, he covered his whole family in a pile, with a number of robes, and wrapping another around himself, went out upon a hill at a little distance, where he laid several days, despite the solicitations of the traders, resolved to starve himself to death. He remained there until the sixth day, when he had just strength enough to creep back to the village; when he entered the horrid gloom of his own wigwam, and laying his body along side of the group of his family, drew his robe over him, and died upon the ninth day of his fatal abstinence.”

PAGE 77. And stealthy steps imprint the hollow ground,
Where shone the love of Chosroes and Shirene.

The site of Artemita, now a waste, was on the banks of the Tigris. The splendor and power of its monarchs, its magnificent country, rich and abounding in every luxury, and the beauty and grandeur of its palaces; and more than all, its celebrity as the residence of King Chosroes and the lovely Shirene, are the fruitful themes of history.

PAGE 78. But sweeping Lybia on her breast shall burn,
Sahara's steril tomb her monuments inurn.

Egypt is gradually being encroached upon by the sands of the desert and narrowed to the banks of the Nile. Whether our poetical prophecy shall ever have a literal fulfilment, time's ages must determine.

PAGE 80. The lion's lair,
And satyr's mocking dance shall tell her wide despair.

Isaiah, Chap. XIII, vs. 19, 20, 21.

PAGE 81. And there Athel breathes upon the wild
Thy melancholy music!

"Near part of the ruins of Babylon, stands the celebrated tree called Athel. It is of the lignum vitae species, and was supposed to have flourished in the hanging gardens. Its trunk has been originally enormous; but at last, worn by time, and shattered, supports the whole of its yet spreading and evergreen branches. They are particularly beautiful, being adorned with long tress-like tendrils, resembling heron feathers, from a central stem. These slender and delicate sprays, bending towards the ground, gave the whole the appearance of a weeping willow, while their gentle waving in the wind, made a low and melancholy sound."—SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

PAGE 81. What wind and flood and fire cannot efface,
Shall live beyond the memory—

Many of the inscriptions upon ancient statues and temples, have long puzzled the learning and acumen of the antiquary; and though the record of the past is there, none are able to read or tell its history.

PAGE 82. And thou hast seen the eye of Greece grow dim!

Athens, distinguished for learning, science and refinement, was called the "Eye of Greece."

PAGE 83. Her fanes restored shall hear a holier vow,
Than warrior vengeance link'd with daring will.

The temple of Theseus, at Athens, a master piece of art, and one of the most splendid of the Acropolis, has, it is said, been converted into a christian church.

PAGE 83. Thou dost guide
My footsteps where the lake's cold waves entomb
The city's fair proportions.

The face of things in the material world assures us that important changes, whether periodical or otherwise, have taken place upon the

surface of the earth. Change is written every where. I cannot resist the temptation of giving a passage from the writings of Mohammed Kaswini, an Arabian writer of the seventh century, as quoted by Mr. Lyell, illustrating the changes to which I have adverted:—

"I passed," says the writer, "by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded. It is indeed a mighty city, replied he, we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were, on this subject, as ignorant as ourselves. Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of a city. I demanded of a peasant, who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed. In sooth a strange question, replied he. The ground here has never been different from what you now behold it. Was there not of old, said I, a splendid city here? Never, answered he, so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such. On my return there five hundred years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place, and on its shore a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters. Is this a question, said they, for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now. I again returned five hundred years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place; and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again, after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich than the city I had seen the first time; and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

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